

SUMMER NUMBER.

THE SKETCH, JULY 31, 1895.

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1895.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6d.



DOROTHY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A CHAT WITH THE EARL OF MARCH.

Photographs by Charles Barden, Chichester.

Since Lord March has given up his town house, he may generally be found at home during a portion of the London Season at his father, the Duke of Richmond's, in Belgrave Square.

There, in a charming morning-room, forming part of the *pied-à-terre* which he occupies (writes a *Sketch* representative), he received me very kindly. The soldier is unmistakable in the upright, martial physique of



THE EARL OF MARCH.

his Lordship, now in the prime of life, reminding one of his service with the Grenadier Guards and of his long-held Colonelship in the Sussex Militia, while his keen glance explains his prowess among the Rockies, and his unerring aim in pursuit of everything wearing "fur or feather."

Among the portraits of many a favourite horse and hound, one notes the flint front, with red-brick "dressings," of Molecomb, Lord March's villa seat within the confines of Goodwood Park, while pretty sketches of Gordon Castle and of Glenfiddich, the hunting-box of the family in the Highlands, seem as eloquent of reminiscences of sport as that of Goodwood itself and its famous racecourse.

"I am afraid I shall be unable to afford you all the information you may require on the subject of Goodwood. You should have gone to John Kent, who has just written for the Press his reminiscences of Goodwood, now extending over sixty-nine of our race-meetings. Probably you know that his father trained Refraction, the winner of the Oaks in the same year in which I was born. He also trained Miss Elis, one of the two horses which won the Goodwood Stakes and the Cup in the same year."

"Anyway, you can tell me, my Lord, something of the 'glorious' Goodwood estate and its picturesque racecourse?"

"I believe it is said that the name of Goodwood was derived from 'Godwinus,' a Saxon, who managed to retain ownership of it even after the Conquest. The Percy family were, later on, located there; but the first Duke of Richmond purchased the place in 1720 from the Comptons, and, of course, we have held it ever since. Yes, as you say, it is a place to be proud of. Situated high up, on chalk hills, the estate has a fine position. The great Lebanon cedars, of which originally a thousand were planted by the third Duke, with some enormous chestnuts, beech, cork, cypress, and spruce-fir trees, are generally much admired. There is a fine collection at Goodwood of family portraits, by Kneller, Vandycy, Lely, and Gainsborough; but probably you would take more interest in the kennels and the course. We have had to give up our hounds, though, this year, owing to agricultural depression, which we feel as much as everybody else; and the Goodwood country, of which earlier hunting-records exist than of any other hunting country, will probably

never hear the sound of hound or horn again. It is not a Leicestershire, I know, though we have had some good sport; but this year there will be no huntsman and whippers, in their yellow coats, to clear the course. The kennels are considered, I believe, the largest and most luxuriously furnished of any in the kingdom, and as to the racecourse—"

"Yes, tell me, please, about the racecourse, especially as the races are so close at hand."

"Well, the course is, as you know, about one mile from the house. Racing commenced in 1802. The course is like the figure 9, the long side having been added by my grandfather at the suggestion of Lord G. Bentinck. The alteration was a great improvement. There is a splendid training gallop, about two miles in length and nearly a hundred yards wide. Part of it passes through a wood, where the ground, from its mossy character, never becomes hard. The spectators can from the Stand see the whole extent of the course, but, in consequence of a deep ravine intervening, they cannot gallop across the space between starting-post and finish, as they can at some places."

"Everyone regards the Goodwood Meeting as an annual great event, Society because it marks the close of the season, and the racing fraternity because it is the intermediate race between the summer and autumn meetings?"

"Yes, Goodwood Races are very popular. The Duke generally entertains a large house-party, and the Prince invariably honours us with his presence; but this year, in consequence of the severe illness of my late sister, Lady Florence, no party was invited."

Presently his Lordship replied, with a smile, to a question I put to him, "No, I have nothing to say as to any special event in the next meeting. These races are generally considered, I believe, full of interest; but one cannot always expect the same excitement as was occasioned when Orme and La Flèche were pitted against each other, two years ago."

"I suppose you think there is no fear of our colours as a racing nation being lowered by any other country?"

"Oh dear, no! Now and again, of course, a French or an American horse may win a race; but the English breed of racehorse must always be the most successful, and the fact that all foreign breeders replenish from our blood-stock, and are willing enough to give very long prices, proves our superiority without question."

"You have been long connected with the Jockey Club, I think, Lord March?"

"Yes; since 1879. I was a Steward during three terms, from '82 to '85. In 1888 I was again nominated Senior Steward, and finished my third term this year."

"Now, with regard to the Anti-Betting League, what do you say?"

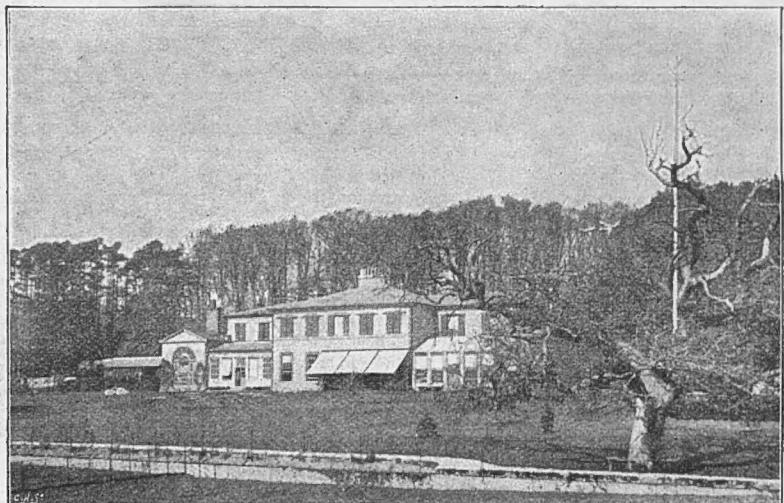
"Well, for one thing, I am quite sure the League will never put down betting altogether; and I think, in taking up a position with such extreme views, it has made a great mistake."

"Now tell me briefly, please, your ideas of Turf reform as regards betting, if I may venture to trouble you?"

"I fail to see that betting on a racecourse is any worse than gambling on the Stock Exchange. There may be more general betting now than formerly, but there are not the same heavy losses. Betting and racing go together, and why should they not? Why interfere with the people's amusements? There are too many busybodies in the world. I don't know that, morally, the Turf requires singling out for reform. I am sure that there is less rascality than there was."

"Doubtless, you have suggestions to propose with respect to amendments as to age, and the value of racing-prizes, and other matters affecting the running of racehorses?"

"I have always thought we begin racing our two-year-olds too soon, but the temptation to owners offered by big stakes is hard to resist. We have too many race-meetings, but it is difficult to reduce the number; and, after all, it is the national amusement, and, for one, I should be chary of interfering with it. I wish we could reduce the number of short races, but owners find they can run their horses much oftener over short courses than long ones. Big stakes over long courses won't ensure large fields—witness the small fields for some of the Eclipse and £10,000 stakes. I should say the Turf was in a flourishing condition, but the fees for fashionable stallions are too high. That, I think, will correct itself."



MOLECOMB HOUSE.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

CORRIDOR DINING-CAR TRAIN TO EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND ABERDEEN, FROM EUSTON 2 P.M.

	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	B	A	p.m.	p.m.	A	night.
London (Euston) dep.	5 15	7 15	2 0	8 0	8 50	10 0	12 0	
Edinburgh (Princes St.) ...	arr.	3 45	5 50	6 20	10 45	... 6 40	7 0	12 22	
Glasgow (Central) "	3 40	6 0	6 45	10 35	... 6 45	8 5	12 27	
Greenock "	5 39	7 5	7 40	12 9	... 8 0	9 17	1 40	
Gourock "	4 53	7 15	7 50	12 18	... 8*10	9*10	1 50	
Oban "	5 20	... 8 42	4 45	9 25	... 12*20	8*25	3 20	
Perth "	7 15	... 8 40	6 10	10 40	2*40	2*40	10 5	
Inverness, viâ Dunkeld "	7 15	... 8 40	1 5	7 20	8 55	9*37	4 32	
Dundee "	9 5	... 0 15	3 0	7 0	... 10*40	6 20		
Aberdeen "	... 7 15	... 8 40	... 4 45	... 9 25	... 12*20	8*25	6 30	
Ballater "	... 9 5	... 0 15	3 0	7 0	... 10*40	6 20		
Inverness, viâ Aberdeen "	... 7 15	... 8 40	7 55	1 35	... 6*5	7		

* Arrives Inverness 1.30 p.m. Sundays.

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for Stations North of Motherwell must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 10 p.m. has no connection to those stations.

A. The New Fast Night Express, leaving Euston at 8 p.m., and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

B. On Saturdays, passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m. to Aug. 9, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Sleeping Saloons to Perth, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow by night trains. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

For further particulars, see the Companies' Time-Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND,
embracing the Best parts of the Land of Burns,
Home and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, the FORTH
BRIDGE, &c., on the Direct Line of Route.

TRAIN SERVICE FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep.	5 15	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15
Carlisle ...	arr.	1 5	1 5	5 0	5 45	8 55	4 35
Ayr "	... 4 50	7 45	... 11 34	... 8 0		
Glasgow (St. Enoch) "	... 3 55	7 35	... 11 25	... 7 30		
Greenock "	... 4 30	8 15	... 12 18	... 8 22		
Oban "	... 4 45	... 12 20				
Fort William "	... 12 40					
EDINBURGH (Wav.) 3 55	... 8 23	... 6A30				
Perth 5 37	... 10 70	... 8 16				
Dundee ...	{ Via	{ 6 10	... 10 47	... 8 50			
Aberdeen ...	{ Forth	{ 8 40	... 12 45	... 11 0			
Inverness ...	{ Bridge	{ 6B10	... 2 40				
Stranraer (For Belfast) 5 30	8 7	... 12 20				

A. During September, passengers will reach Carlisle at 4.10, and Edinburgh at 6.45 a.m.

B. No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES

are now running between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch) in each direction, ON BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSSES, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m., and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. TABLE D'HOTE, TEA, and other refreshments served en route.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

A THROUGH EXPRESS IS RUN BETWEEN LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and GREENOCK, conveying Tourists from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System, for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

SPECIAL DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESAY, viâ GREENOCK (PRINCE'S PIER).

A Daylight Service throughout to the Highlands and Watering Places on the Firth of Clyde will be given during July and August, from London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.15 p.m., in time to join the G. & S. W. Railway Co.'s Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9.30 p.m.

NEW ROUTE TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Via the West Highland Railway.

The 9.15 p.m. Express from London (St. Pancras) is in direct connection at Edinburgh with train to FORT WILLIAM and other stations on the new West Highland Railway. THROUGH CARRIAGE St. Pancras to Fort William.

TRAVELLING ACCOMMODATION, &c.

Pillows may be hired by Travellers in the Night Mail and Express Trains from St. Pancras and other towns, at a prepaid charge of 6d. each.

LUNCHEON, DINING, AND SLEEPING SALOON CARS by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c., arranged on application.

For train service to other Holiday Resorts, on and in connection with the Midland Railway, see the Company's Time Table and other publications.

Time Tables, Illustrated Guides, Programmes, &c., giving full information as to Fares, Circular Tours, &c., may be had on application at the Company's Stations and Agencies.

Derby, July 1895.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

SCHEVENINGEN (HOLLAND).—THE CONTINENTAL BRIGHTON, viâ HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND daily (Sundays included). Guide-book (free) and full particulars on application to the Manager, Hotel Kurhaus, Scheveningen, Holland.

THE HARWICH-HOOK route is the quickest to Holland and cheapest to Germany.

AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, SPECIAL TICKETS, First return, 42s., Second, 31s.

ANTWERP, viâ HARWICH, for Brussels, The Ardennes, Switzerland, &c., every week-day. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincolns or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s s.s., Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. AUGUST BANK HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS DAY EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY by certain trains from PADDINGTON, WESTBOURNE PARK, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, HAMMERSMITH, &c., and from certain Stations on the METROPOLITAN, METROPOLITAN DISTRICT, and NORTH LONDON RAILWAYS, to STAINES, WINDSOR, Taplow, MAIDENHEAD, Cookham, Bourne End, Great Marlow, Shiplake, HENLEY, *Goring, *Wallingford (not on Sundays), &c. * Not from North London Railway.

CHEAP TICKETS to BURNHAM BEECHES are also issued DAILY.

Tickets, bills, pamphlets of excursions, and lists of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings can be obtained at the Company's Stations and at the usual Receiving Offices.

J.Y. LAMBERT, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

IMPROVED AND ACCELERATED

EXPRESS TRAINS FROM LONDON (King's Cross).

London	C	C	C	C	A	B	G	D E	H	F
(King's Cross)	dep.	5 15	10 0	10 35	2 20	7 30	8 0	8 30	10 0	10 40
Edinburgh	arr.	3 5	6 20	8 45	10 50	3 25	3 45	4 15	5 45	6 20
Glasgow	"	5 15	8 0	10 25			5 50	7 30	9 0	10 10
Craigendoran	"	5 34					7 31	8 1	8 50	11 8
Callander	"	5 15	8 45	12 20			6 45	9 20	10 20	1 20
Oban	"	8 42					9 25	12 20	12 20	4 53
Fort William	"	9 46					11 51	11 51	12 41	6 30
Perth	"	5 37	7 52	10 30		5 0	5 30	7 40	8 16	10 56
Dunkeld	"	8 2		11 17			6 57	10 5	10 5	12 38
Dundee	"	6 10		10 47		5 3	7 38	7 38	11 18	
Aberdeen	"	8 40		12 45		6 45	9 45	9 45	1 35	
Ballater	"			9 45		9 45	2 10	2 10	4 50	
Inverness	"			6 10		10 40	10 40	2 40	6 5	

A. Until Aug. 9 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

B. Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. Will run specially on Saturday, Aug. 10.

C. On week-days only.

E. Not run to Craigendoran Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, or Ballater, on Sunday mornings. F. On week-days, but on Saturday nights will not run north of Berwick. G. Saturdays and Sundays excepted, but will run specially on Saturday, Aug. 10. H. On week-days (Saturdays excepted) until Sept. 30. I. Not to these stations Sunday mornings. J. On Sundays is due Inverness 1.30 p.m.

CORRIDOR DINING CAR SALOONS (First and Third Class) are attached to the 2.20 p.m. Express from London (King's Cross).

Sleeping Carriages are attached to all Night Trains.

Illustrated Tourist Guides can be obtained on application at Great Northern Stations or Receiving Offices, or to the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.

July 1895.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North Eastern Railway.
JOHN CONACHER, General Manager, North British Railway.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

Woolwich (Arsenal), Woolwich (Dockyard), Victoria, Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.), &c.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, for 5 or 11 days, to STIRLING, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c.

SATURDAY, AUG. 3, for 8 days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, EDINBURGH, Glasgow, and Helensburgh.

By the above Excursions, Tickets at a single fare for double journey will also be issued, available for return by one fixed ordinary train on any day within 16 days.

AND FOR 6 DAYS TO CAMBRIDGE, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Seaford, Lincoln, Gainsborough, Melton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tadbury, Stoke, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.; also to SKEGRESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, for 1, 3, or 4 days, from Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.), &c.

TO MANCHESTER, SUNDAY, AUG. 4, for 2 days, from Moorgate 10.30 p.m., Aldersgate 10.32, Farringdon 10.34, King's Cross (G.N.) 12.5 (Mid.), Finsbury Park 12.10. Third Class return fare, 10s.

For further particulars, see bills, to be obtained at the stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."

LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengariff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

Earl Houghton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to Kingsbridge, Dublin.

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

The principal Seaside and Health Resorts of Ireland are situated on this Company's System.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside Resort in the United Kingdom, and is within a few miles by rail of LOUGH ERNE (THE IRISH LAKES), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun.

ROSTREVOR.—Balmy and restorative climate.

WARRENPOINT, MÁLAHIDE, HOWTH, exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT the VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, Monasterboice, and Newgrange Tumuli, THE PYRAMIDS OF EUROPE.

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS.

Bath and Cheltenham.	1s.	1889	Isle of Man.	1s.	1895
Belfast, &c.	1s.	Isle of Wight.	1s.	6d.	1895
Brighton.	1s.	Kent.	3s.	6d.	1893
Buxton.	1s.	Do. Watering Places.	1s.	1893	
Canterbury and Rochester.			Killarney.	1s.	1895
1s.	1893	Leamington and Environs.	1s.	1891	
Channel Islands.	1s.	Liverpool, &c.	1s.	1890
Cornwall (Scilly Is.).	2s. 6d.	1895	London.	5s.	1891
Derbyshire.	2s. 6d.	1895	Manchester and Salford.	1s.	1893	
Devonshire.	2s. 6d.	1895	Moffat.	1s.	1892
Dorsetshire.	2s. 6d.	1890	Scarborough.	1s.	1892
Dublin and Wicklow.	1s.	Scotland.	8s. 6d.	1892
Edinburgh.	1s.	Do. Cheap edition.	1s.	1894	
English Lakes.	3s. 6d.	1888	Surrey.	2s. Cd.	1892
Do. Cheap edition.	1s.	1892	Sussex.	2s. 6d.	1892
Galway, &c.	1s.	Trossachs.	1s.	1894
Glasgow and the Clyde.	1s.	1891	Wales.	5s.	1888
Gloucestershire.	2s. 6d.	1892	Do. Cheap edition.	1s.	1894	
Hampshire.	2s. 6d.	1892	Do. North.	3s. 6d.	1891
Harrogate.	1s.	Do. South.	2s. 6d.	1889
Hereford and Monmouth.			Warwickshire.	2s. 6d.	1892
2s. 6d.	1892	Where Shall We Go?			
Ireland.	5s.	(Watering Places).	2s. 6d.	1892	
Do. Cheap edition.	1s.	1893	Yorkshire.	5s.	1894

A. and C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

For full particulars of the USUAL EXTENSION of all RETURN TICKETS, &c., see Handbills and Programmes.

HAVRE (via Southampton).

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

ON FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUG. 2 and 3, CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued to HAVRE by the 9.35 p.m. Train from WATERLOO, &c. Return Fare, First Class 27s. 6d., Second Class 20s., available to return at 11.45 p.m. any week-day up to and including Saturday, Aug. 10.

DAYLIGHT TRIPS to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice—

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY, from Waterloo at 9.15 a.m. (in connection with a Boat leaving Southampton at 11.45 a.m., reaching Guernsey about 5.45 p.m.), available to return the following Monday, Saturday, Monday Week, Saturday Week, or Monday Fortnight. Return Fare, Third Class by Rail and Fore Cabin by Steamer, 24s. 6d.

Similar Tickets will also be issued by the 9.35 p.m. Train from Waterloo.

CHEAP TRAINS will leave Waterloo Station as under, calling at principal Stations—To the WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL.

EXPRESS EXCURSION, FRIDAY NIGHTS.

At 10.15 p.m. to EXETER, Okehampton, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Ilfracombe, &c., for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

EVERY SATURDAY.

At 8 a.m., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to PLYMOUTH, Exeter, Exmouth, Tavistock, Liskeard, Launceston, Camelot, Wadebridge, Okehampton, Bude, Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), Templecombe, &c.

At 8.20 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., for 3 days (to certain Stations), 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Marlborough, Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Salisbury, Yeovil, Axminster, Honiton, Seaton, Sidmouth, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive.

At 9 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., to BURNHAM, Highbridge, Bridgwater, &c.

At 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., to BATH, Shepton Mallet, Radstock, Blandford, &c.

At 3.30 p.m., EXPRESS EXCURSION, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SALISBURY, Templecombe, Sidmouth, Exeter, Okehampton, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Torrington, &c.

BOURNEMOUTH, THE NEW FOREST, AND COASTS OF HAMPSHIRE AND DORSET.

At 10.10 a.m. to WINCHESTER, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth, for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

At 12.5 noon for 3, 10, or 17 days, to WEYMOUTH and Dorchester, for 10 or 17 days to POOLE, WAREHAM, SWANAGE, &c., and for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to BOURNEMOUTH, Lymington, New Forest, &c.

For full particulars of the usual Holiday Excursions to Seaton, Sidmouth, Exeter, Barnstaple, Torrington, Ilfracombe, Okehampton, Devonport, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, Southampton, Salisbury, Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Aldershot, Farnham, Virginia Water, Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., see Handbills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

TRAfalgar Theatre.—Lessee and Manager, HENRY DANA.
THE PASSPORT. By B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Every evening at 9. Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. George Giddens, &c. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 8.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 10.10, GRAND NEW BALLET,
FAUST.
VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA. To-night new grand BALLET, TITANIA. At 8, A DAY OUT. Grand Varieties. THE GRAND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT every evening at 10.30. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Open daily from 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Admission 1s. (or by Season Ticket, 10s. 6d.). On Saturday, Aug. 3, and Monday, Aug. 5 (Bank Holiday) the Exhibition will open at 10 a.m. 10 ACRES OF ROOFED BUILDINGS.
Filled with a variety of interesting exhibits, providing unlimited amusement in the most inclement weather, and combined with 12 acres of Beautiful Gardens, create AN UNEQUALLED PLEASURE RESORT.
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AUGUST—BANK HOLIDAY.—Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 2, 3, and 4, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 7, as per special bills.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, SATURDAY, AUG. 3.—Leaving London Bridge at 10 a.m., Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m. (First and Second Class only). Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 5 inclusive.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m., on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

First and Second Class Excursion Passengers may return by the Day Express Service from Paris 10 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

BRIGHTON.—SPECIAL WEEK-END TICKETS.—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 2, 3, and 4, by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill.

Returning by any Train, according to class, on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 7. Return fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 3, 4, and 5, from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 5.—Cheap Day Excursions from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

FOR full particulars see Time Books, Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

To BOULOGNE and back, Charing Cross dep. 3.5 p.m., Cannon Street 3.12 p.m., London Bridge 3.16 p.m., New Cross 3.22 p.m. Saturday, Aug. 3, 21s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap Tickets will also be issued on Aug. 2 and 3, available until Aug. 7. Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 4.30 p.m. on Aug. 2, 10 a.m. on Aug. 3 (First and Second Class only), 30s. (First Class), 25s. (Second Class), 19s. (Third Class).

CALAIS and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 17s. 6d. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class), Monday, Aug. 5. Returning same day at 3.45 p.m. or 1.30 a.m. Tuesday, Aug. 6. Cheap Tickets will also be issued on Aug. 2 and 3, available until Aug. 7. Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8.15 p.m. on Aug. 2, 9 a.m. (First and Second Class only) and 8.15 p.m. on Aug. 3, 31s. (First Class), 26s. (Second Class), 20s. (Third Class). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will also be issued on Aug. 3, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 22s. (First Class), 13s. 6d. (Third Class).

PARIS and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class), Aug. 1 to 5. Tickets available for fourteen days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Calais, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. and 8.15 p.m., 54s. (First Class), 40s. 6d. (Second Class), 25s. 9d. (Third Class), Aug. 2 to 5. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Ostend, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (First and Second Class only), and 8.15 p.m., 40s. 7d. (First Class), 30s. 1d. (Second Class), 19s. 11d. (Third Class), Aug. 2 to 5. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35 and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (First Class), 25s. 6d. (Second Class), Aug. 2 to 5. Tickets available for 8 days.

*CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS ON BANK HOLIDAY.

To	Charing X dep. a.m.	Return Fares, 3rd Class.	To	Charing X dep. a.m.	Return Fares, 3rd Class.
	s. d.			s. d.	
TUNBRIDGE WELLS	7 30	4 0	WALMER	6 50
HASTINGS	7 30	5 0	RAMSGATE	6 50
FOLKESTONE	6 30	5 0	MARGATE	6 50
SANDGATE	6 30	5 0	ASHFORD	6 30
HYTHE	6 30	5 0	ROCHESTER	8 & 9 42
DOVER	6 30	5 0	CHATHAM	8 & 9 42
CANTERBURY	6 50	5 0	SHEERNESS	9 10
DEAL	6 50	5 0	GRAVESEND	Any Train
					1 6

* These Trains call at Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross Stations.
SPECIAL TRAINS FOR HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHerville GARDENS), &c.

CHEAP TICKETS from COUNTRY STATIONS to the SEASIDE and other Stations.

For Return Times of above Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Handbills and Holiday Programme.

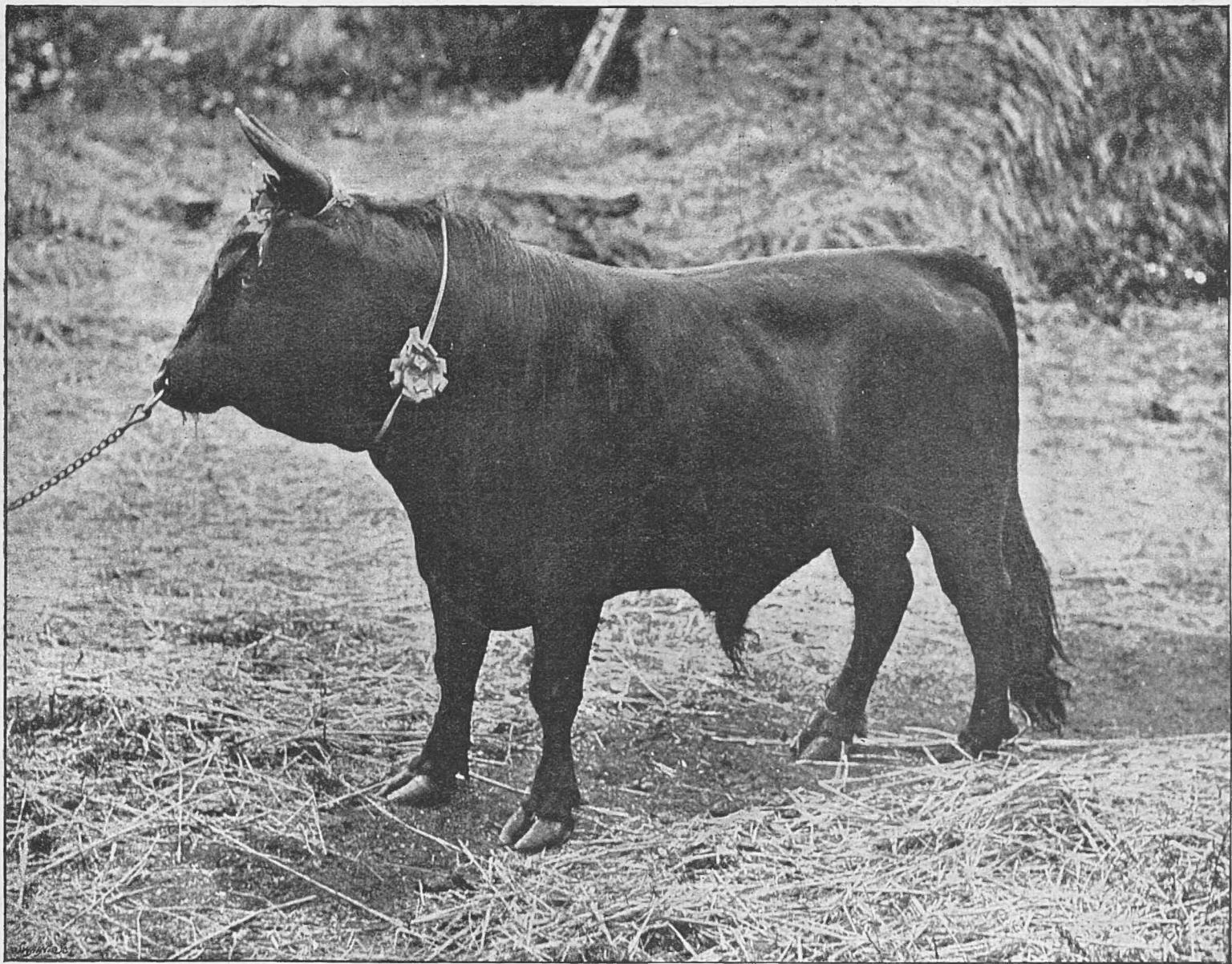
MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Anstey almost alone does something to save the literary hour from the reproach of unbroken dulness, or, at least, from a very unexhilarating seriousness. "Lyre and Lanceet" (Smith, Elder) appeared in snippets in *Punch*. If anyone was so ill-advised as to take it so, they cannot complain if they have nothing left to while away a sleepy afternoon or to give them a fillip after political exhaustion. This "story in scenes" does not lose much for its situation being divulged. Indeed, the situation is so extravagant—the confusion of a decadent poet in a country house-party with a young "vet," telegraphed for to attend to the ailments of Deerfoot, a favourite horse—that most of the fun consists in watching Mr. Anstey extricate himself from desperate positions. Mr. James Spurrell, M.R.C.V.S., has his difficult moments while conversing with Lady Cantire and the Bishop, and Mr. Undershill, minor poet, is in piteous straits while suffering the displeasure of the magnificent Tredwell in the housekeeper's room; but Mr. Anstey's difficulties are more critical, and keep his readers' sympathetic apprehensions still more

alive. He wrote this story, and morbid-in-a-dull, not at all in a sensational-way. There is an intolerable hero, a most unheroic hero—one Frank Trevor, a painter of portraits, with a dark past that frightens him, and an exceedingly sensible wife, to whom he clings like a spoilt child. This fractious milksop reads "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde": it is too strong food for his feeble constitution, and upsets him considerably. He determines to paint his own portrait. "It will be a wonderful thing—there will be no picture like it"—he says so himself. He knows something terrible will happen if he carries out his intention, and begs his wife to beg him not to do it. She only asks him, quite vainly, not to be a fool. So he shuts himself in his studio and paints, and, lo! the face is that of a criminal. Then he paints with his wife beside him, and, lo! the face is that of a milksop artist—it is not so described. All this, of course, is irritating; but his nerves are shattered in the reader's face, and the picture has to be stabbed with a dagger before he is fit for any society save lunatics'. Yet this is a very serious book.

Dr. Jekyll's walk, talk, and correspondence were invariably dignified, no matter how much Hyde worried him. But Frank Trevor was not



THE DEXTER BULL "TOMMY DODD." PURCHASED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, THE FIRS, WARWICK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. ALFRED MILLER, HATTON.

wide awake. He comes out of them triumphantly. He never lets his balloon of delightful nonsense be pricked by a careless touch.

When is Mr. Anstey going to write an elegant and witty comedy? He has been asked that before, many times, but most of us remain convinced that the stage is rather badly used by him. Patriotically, we feel a little slighted, for by this time we might have gained a very pretty reputation for light comedy among the nations through Mr. Anstey, were it not for that exacting task-master of his, *Punch*. Rather wonderful that, in an age when heavy young men study the music-halls with terrible seriousness, cant about frivolities, and are in constant need of subjects for their articles in the serious weeklies, his gospel has not been discovered, nor his indictment of the age, nor his social ideal made plain. He might reasonably feel a little slighted to be thus bereft of an idea for his next "story in scenes"—though life seems pretty lavish towards him in suggestions just now.

Mr. Benson, in "The Judgment Books" (Osgood), makes no second at all to Mr. Anstey. The author of "Dodo" was in a morbid vein when

made of robust-enough stuff to house two personalities within him, without making himself (or his selves) a nuisance all day long. The young writers of the moment would seem to be bent on ensuring the unpopularity of that delicate thing—the artistic temperament. Let us hope the shade of "Dodo" may visit Mr. Benson and wean him from such unhealthy maulderings.

Mr. Henry James, and how few others! may be trusted to deal with an artist, even an unsuccessful artist, and yet make him neither a fool nor a prig nor an unwholesome egotist—see his story in the new *Yellow Book*, "The Next Time." Limbert hardly makes a living for his family by his beautiful, unpopular novels; but he makes a manly struggle towards that practical end, and his efforts to be vulgar, to be in the swim, are pathetic, while far too unsuccessful to be degrading. It is a good *Yellow Book* on the whole, though Mr. James's story is the only memorable thing in its literary section—unless we include Mr. Street's valiant defence of "Ouida." There is something in it. But it is a comfort to think that the supercilious injustice done to that lady has never affected the circulation of her books.

O. O.

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SMALL TALK.

During the residence of the Queen at Windsor she spent the morning of every fine day at Frogmore. Her Majesty drove down from the Castle, through the Home Park, shortly after nine o'clock, and breakfasted at Frogmore, in the chalet summer-house, which was recently erected on the lawn. After breakfast, the Queen did her morning's work in a tent, all the despatches, letters, and boxes coming down to her from the Castle, after they had been prepared for her perusal by Sir Arthur Bigge. At half-past one the Queen drove back, in time for luncheon.

Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate, Ceylon, who was recently presented at Court by Lord Ripon, and who

was last week received by the Duke of York at York House, St. James's Palace, is the first Singhalese gentleman holding the rank of Mudaliyar who has visited the Mother Country. Besides holding the honorary title of Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate, he also fills the official position of Mudaliyar of Sirjane Korule East (that is, the chief of that district), an office held by his father and grandfather before him. The former served the British Government for about forty years, receiving many honours, while the latter lent us his aid when the Kandians invaded British territory in 1803. Our present visitor succeeded his father, and about ten years ago was permitted to assume the additional name "Rajakumarun-Kadukeralu," which signifies "entrusted with a sword by a royal prince." As his father had entertained the Prince of Wales's

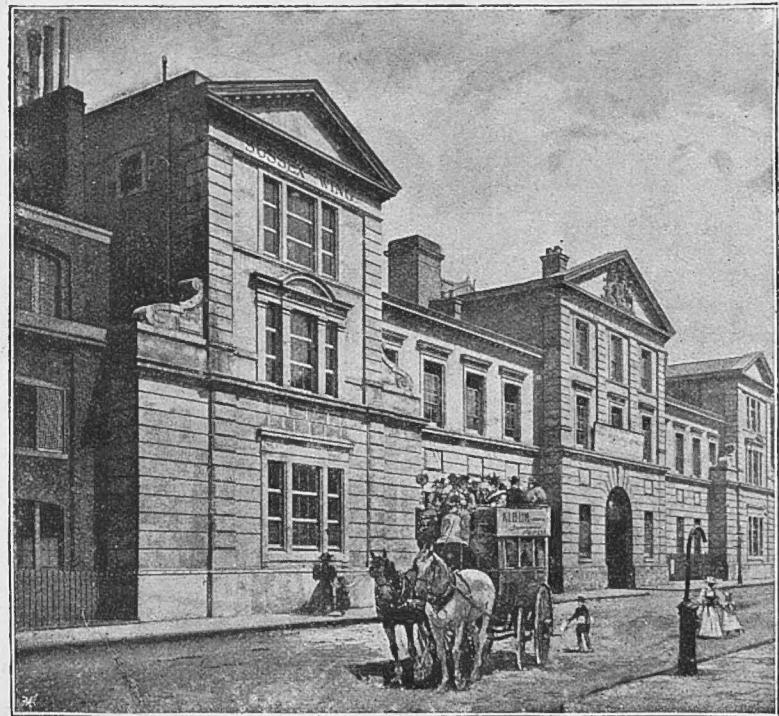
DON SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

boys, so his son played the part of host to the Prince's nephews, the present Czar of Russia and Prince George of Greece.

Don Solomon Dias Rajakumarun-Kadukeralu-Bandaranaike, to give him his full name, was last year raised to the rank of Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate. Although this is his first visit to England, his manners and address are those of an Englishman; and, like an Englishman, he is a keen sportsman, being the owner of a stud of horses, several of which have won races in Ceylon. He has been greatly gratified with his visit.

The Queen is to hold a Council at Osborne next week. The Ministers are to travel from Victoria to Portsmouth Harbour and back by special train, and will be conveyed across the Solent, to and from East Cowes, in the royal yacht Alberta. Until within the last two or three years, the royal yacht was reserved exclusively for the Queen and members of the royal family, and a special steamer was always chartered whenever any of the Ministers had occasion to visit Osborne.



THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

The Queen will give two State Banquets in the Indian Room at Osborne while the Emperor William is at Cowes, and on the night of his Majesty's arrival there is to be a family dinner-party at the Palace. The Prince of Wales is to give a dinner-party to the Emperor on board the Victoria and Albert, and his Majesty will entertain the Prince on the Hohenzollern. His Majesty and the Prince of Wales are also to be present at the R.Y.S. annual dinner. The Emperor is anxious that the Queen should spend an afternoon on board his yacht while he is in the Solent, and special arrangements will be made, in order that her Majesty may proceed from the Alberta to the Hohenzollern without having to ascend any steps. Lord Salisbury and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe will be among the guests at Osborne during the imperial visit.

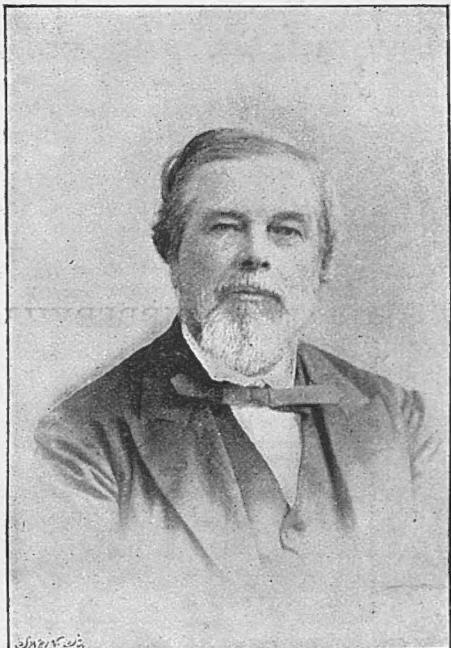
Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Commerell, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, is to be in attendance on the German Emperor during his visit to Cowes, this arrangement having been made at the request of his Majesty. Moorings have been laid down off Cowes for the imperial yacht, and two German battle-ships are to arrive this week in the Solent.

The Prince of Wales is to arrive at Homburg about Aug. 16, for a stay of three weeks, after which he will pay visits to the Duke and Duchess of Coburg at Reinhardtsbrunn, and to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar at Wilhelmsheim, near Eisenach, before returning to England. The Prince is to go to Scotland on his return from the Continent, to pay his annual visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, when there will be a series of deer drives in Mar Forest.

The Duke of Coburg will complete his "cure" at Kissingen next week, when he is to join the Duchess at Rosenau, their hunting-seat, four miles from Coburg, where the Prince Consort was born. Rosenau is a beautiful old Gothic house, with gables and battlements, and stands in a pretty park, beyond which is an extensive forest swarming with game.

The Duke of Cambridge has left Gloucester House for the season, and, after attending Goodwood Races, proceeds to Homburg, where he is expected to arrive on Aug. 15. The Duke will return to England during the last week of next month. His Royal Highness is to pay visits to Lord Downe, at Danby Lodge, near Whitby, and to Sir George Wombwell, at Newburgh Park, during September.

A notable figure drops out of the railway-world to-day, when Mr. G. P. Neele retires from the Superintendence of the London and North-Western, which he has held for thirty-odd years. A Londoner by birth, he was educated at Walsall Grammar School, and joined the South Staffordshire Railway staff. When the London and North-Western swallowed up the smaller system, Mr. Neele was taken over, Feb. 21, 1861, and in May, 1862, became Superintendent of the Company. It is only the other week that he received a mark of the Queen's recognition of his services, for he had always travelled on the train which carried her Majesty to Scotland. He is succeeded by Mr. Robert Turnbull, for many years his assistant.



MR. G. P. NEELE.

Photo by Fred Dower, Watford.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on the 22nd, visited the Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, which has always been favoured with the patronage of the royal family. Its buildings, which comprise a projecting north wing, erected in 1855 as a memorial to the Duke of Sussex, and a south wing, built in 1877, named after the Queen, with a connecting block at the rear of an open quadrangle, have now been enlarged by constructing a front central block, joining the advanced fronts of the two side blocks, in a line with the street. This is to be called the Alexandra Building, in honour of the Princess of Wales; it adds room for a hundred and sixty beds, and is a well-designed structure, which has cost about £30,000. The Princess of Wales declared the new building open.

Why should not a Princess bicycle in Battersea Park? I read that "an unwarrantable use has been made of the names of some of the ladies of the royal family, who have always set an example of good taste and delicate propriety of conduct, which would hardly be sustained if they took to bicycling in a public park." What rubbish this is! If ladies ride in a public park, why may they not bicycle there? Are they to stay away because the Princesses have set an example of absence?

Miss Maxine Elliot is one of the most promising young actresses of the American stage of to-day. Equipped by nature with a splendid physique and a superb carriage, adorned with a dark beauty of Grecian regularity, which is illumined by singularly large and lustrous eyes—sure indexes of her intellectual gifts—she at once suggests the ideal “Trilby,” so that one is not surprised to hear that she has played the part in burlesque to the life while in Mr. Augustin Daly’s company, which she joined at the beginning of the present year. Although Miss Elliot, born in Rockland in Maine State, traces her descent from the New England settlers,

unmistakably her histrionic talent. Since September of last year she has successively personated, with the highest approval of the American Press, the parts of Dora in “Diplomacy,” Grace Harkaway in “London Assurance,” Mrs. Allenby in “A Woman of No Importance,” and Alice Verney in “Forget-Me-Not.” After leaving Miss Rose Coghlan’s company, Miss Elliot played under Mr. Daly’s management, making her début as Heart of Ruby in a translation of Judith Gautier’s “La Marchande de Sourires.” Since then, she has added to her repertory parts in “The Orient Express,” “A Bundle of Lies,” and “A Tragedy



MISS MAXINE ELLIOT, OF DALY'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

the admixture of Spanish and Irish blood evidently in her veins is of greater antiquity, while her purity of accent would make one believe that she were English-born. Miss Maxine Elliot—her *nom de théâtre*, she ventures to think, has not been as yet forestalled—entered the profession under Mr. Willard’s management in a small part in “The Middleman.” The talent she then displayed warranted her being cast for the rôles of Sophie Jopp in “Judah” and Beatrice Selwyn in “A Fool’s Paradise,” and Lady Gilding in “The Professor’s Love-Story.” Two years afterwards, one hears of her playing Violet Woodman in “The Prodigal Daughter,” and Kate Malcolm in “Sister Mary,” with Leonard Boyne and Julia Arthur in the leading parts. In these characters Miss Elliot proved

Rehearsal.” Over here, Miss Elliot has charmed us by her representations of Silvia in “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” and Hermia in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” It is to be regretted that her engagements prevent our having the opportunity of admiring her here in other rôles.

Augustus Thomas, author of “Alabama,” which is shortly to be presented to English audiences by Mr. Willard, has written a new play, first called “The Capitol,” and renamed “Margaret Doane,” which is to be brought out at Buffalo early in September. Miss Miller, an American, will appear with Mr. Willard.

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

11



MISS MAXINE ELLIOT AS HERMIA IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

Town, possibly in consequence of the General Election, is emptying early this year. The Season seems on its last legs, though Goodwood is not yet reached, and already one can cross from the corner of Berkeley Street to the Isthmian Club (a test-crossing this) without being run over more than once or twice. The buses are able to get from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park Corner in almost their record time, and swaggei carriages no longer are wedged together in Bond Street. But, though our own fine folks are fleeting, we have with us a more than usually big swarm of our American cousins who are settling temporarily upon the town, and letters of credit on "Baron's" (as some of the happy possessors pronounce the name of the historic house in Bishopsgate Street) are as the sands of the sea in multitude in the great City. These citizens of the States are not the millionaires of New York and the cultured ones of Boston; they usually come early and remain just for the season. These are representatives of that great American middle-class whose ambition is a European tour when things are "humming," and who will rush on to Paris, Brussels, Switzerland, and, perhaps, Rome, before they return to the "greatest country on the face of God's earth."

"Reflections on Elections," this has been the burden of almost every journal of late; yet in none of them have I seen the great Liberal disasters attributed to the withdrawal from their host of fighting-men of that fine old general, Mr. Gladstone. Yet, like Browning's hero, the "G. O. M." was "ever a fighter"; and there can be little doubt that the lack of his energy, his oratory, and his extraordinary personal charm, have lost many a battle. I have heard men who knew him intimately say that he has persuaded them against their own conviction, and that it was only when they had escaped from his immediate atmosphere that they recovered their reason. Another factor in the Radical rout is, doubtless, the curious waning of Lord Rosebery's popularity. The late Premier was wonderfully popular with both Parties when he first took office, and his successes on the Turf certainly enhanced that popularity in sporting circles. It appears to me that his Lordship owes this diminution of public esteem to his attitude towards the Lords. There is something repugnant to most Englishmen in disloyalty to one's own order. Among our masters, the working-men, such disloyalty is termed "ratting," and I fancy that many of us regard Lord Rosebery as an aristocratic "rat." As for the great descendant of the Plantagenets, there can be little doubt that the barque of "Sir Harcourt," as the French call him, has gone down in a sea of liquor, and he, doubtless, lost his Derby to the tune of "Rob a poor man of his beer." Let us hope he will be consoled by the two Derbies won by his late chief. Another strange reflection is induced by the attitude of a section of the ultra-Radical voters of that city of boots and shoes, Northampton, who have given Mr. Labouchere for a colleague a young gentleman of Dutch family (Mr. Dreicer) who has no political record, and is of strong Conservative opinions. Such a result as that, and the election of the "Brave British Boy," as the Lord Chief Justice once styled Mr. Marks, in the place of so excellent a Liberal as Mr. Benn, prove, if proof were wanted, that the revulsion of feeling, or the swing of the pendulum, is a pretty far-reaching one. One thing seems certain: the country does not like "programme spinning," and those who spun that "Newcastle Programme" with so liberal an imagination have seen their web, like the Vanished City of Victor Hugo's wonderful poem, "Sink like a dream in thick, unfathomable shade." I fancy the country would like a little of the *dolce far niente*, and it is more than likely that, in the new Parliament, they will get it.

Reflections on elections now are rife,
And reasons wanted for results of strife;
All are surprised at Salisb'ry's mighty hit,
And wonder what my lord will do with it.

One journal green, that now is "in the blues,"
Foretells a future "policy of snooze";
Suppose the forecast true, 'twere no mishap—
Surely John Bull deserves a little nap.

Three years of "words, words, words," and little more,
Three years of proof that programmes are a bore;
Then, should we long for airs of drowsy noon,
We pay the piper, let us set the tune.

Mr. Mallock has been at it again. Years ago he wrote a very clever little burlesque, "The New Republic," in which well-known people were happily travestied. In "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" the same photography was conspicuous. And now, in "The Heart of Life," the portraits are more audacious than ever. More than one well-known figure in Society is represented in circumstances at which the reader may stand aghast. Mr. Mallock has availed himself freely of matter collected from the newspapers. It is not an exalted form of art; but, no doubt, Mr. Mallock finds it a congenial recreation after the toil of social economics.

It seems strange to read of a Spanish Armada in Plymouth Sound, anchored under the island that bears the name of Drake, of that dragon who was so terrible a thorn in the side of Spain three centuries ago. Spanish warships come but seldom into Northern waters nowadays, and it is, I believe, but once within the memory of the very oldest inhabitant that the flag which once "claimed the empire of both worlds," as Kingsley calls it, has flaunted its golden glories in that harbour of the West. It is rather curious that our Spanish friends should visit Plymouth in the very "Armada Week" itself, as they call it down there, just three hundred and seven years later than that historic game

of bowls that Hawkins and Drake finished so unconcernedly in spite of the news of the arrival of the great flotilla of Medina-Sidonia—a game immortalised by Charles Kingsley in prose, by Seymour Lucas on canvas. This time, however, the Dons' reception, though a warm one, is of the friendliest description, and the ever-hospitable West Country has given them a splendid sample of what only those who have experienced it know—Devonshire fare and Devonshire hospitality. That our ancient enemies have enjoyed their visit goes without saying.

I am glad to see that Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder, is not among the band of sentimentalists who, under all circumstances, would "spare the rod" for fear of brutalising the criminal. In sentencing a whole batch of robbers with violence—cowardly ruffians who had kicked and otherwise maltreated their helpless victims after relieving them of their personal effects—he added in each case, as a *bonne bouche*, twenty lashes with the "cat." I can remember, when a lad, how there were, even then, faddists who mourned and wept over the flogging of the brutal garrotter, and how *Punch* held these supersensitive persons up to ridicule in a pair of pictures (I think by Leech)—"The garrotter as we would like to see him," "The garrotter as Sir Joshua Jebb would have him treated." The first represented the brute tied up ready for his dose of "cat"; the second, waited on by his defender, and made comfortable with a newspaper, books, a stool for his feet, a cosy fire, and plenty of refreshment. There is no doubt that garroting was put down by a liberal use of the "cat," and I have heard many governors of jails, since that time, say that the only punishment dreaded by certain miscreants was a corporal one, the receipt of which they would accompany with a piteous chorus of howls and yells. In these days, it seems bad enough that such robberies as those I have referred to can be committed in such a city as London, without finding among the inhabitants of the Metropolis special pleaders for "humane treatment" for heartless and inhuman brutes.

Talking of the ruffians who infest our streets at night, I was told the other day by a young lady, whose work sometimes compels her to return home late at night, that she met the other evening with a new experience in the shape of ruffianism—this time, well-dressed ruffianism. Passing along a comparatively lonely street, she found herself followed by a tall, well-dressed, and, as far as she was able to see, handsome man, who, suddenly getting in front of her, flashed a small electric light across her face, and, having satisfied himself that she was "well favoured," proceeded to follow and annoy her in the manner that such cowardly fellows adopt. At length, finding that the strictest silence had no effect on her persecutor, she took to her heels, and, bolting into the first house whose hall showed a light, was enabled to elude her pursuer. That science should be turned to such "base uses" as this seems hard indeed! The best thing that could happen to the "gentleman" with the electric light, who wanders, Diogenes fashion (but not in search of an honest man), in lonely thoroughfares, would be a taste of that same "cat" recommended by the Recorder. Failing this, a stout stick or a horsewhip would be by no means a bad substitute.

Miss Mary Wilkins has struck out in a new line, for she has been declared the winner of the first prize, of £400, offered by the Bacheller syndicate of newspapers for the best detective short story. It is the largest money prize that has ever been offered for a short story, and the competitors, from all countries, numbered over three thousand, the selection and award of the prizes taking place under circumstances that precluded the name of the author being known. The second prize was won by Mr. Brander Matthews. Miss Wilkins's story is entitled "The Long Arm," and is the history and eventual detection of a very mysterious murder. The story has been secured by the editor of *Chapman's Magazine*, and will appear in number four of the magazine, published to-morrow.

Apropos of the articles on Mrs. Maybrick that have appeared in these pages, Mr. Henry Seymour, honorary secretary of the Maybrick Committee, writes me as follows—

Will you allow me to correct an error which your correspondent, "A Barrister," has introduced into his history of Mrs. Maybrick's ancestors? When referring to the remarkable fact that an appreciable part of the public mind is still, after a lapse of six years, irritated with doubts as to Mrs. Maybrick's guilt, he goes on to say: "This very year several public meetings have unanimously passed resolutions praying for her release." It is true that several public meetings have been convened during the present year, three of which were convened under the auspices of the Maybrick Committee—one at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, another at the Labor Church, Croydon, and a third at the Memorial Hall, E.C.—and, with the single exception of one dissentient, resolutions in similar terms to the annexed have been carried unanimously; but it will be observed that it is an error to describe them as "praying for Mrs. Maybrick's release," when they merely asked for a public inquiry, and were, in fact, very carefully worded so that they should not in any way prejudice the result of a public inquiry, at which it could be ascertained whether a miscarriage of justice had occurred, and, if so, who is responsible for it; and it was because of this that the resolutions were carried unanimously.

The latest popular song, "She wanted something to play with," in "Gentleman Joe," is composed by Miss Ella Chapman, the versatile American artist, and written by Mr. W. S. Laidlaw, who was a six-and-eightpenny notary in "Baron Golosh." Not having been yet solicited to stand for a constituency, Mr. Laidlaw, for the present, does not acknowledge the lively advertisement in the *D.T.*, but he declares that the tune of the song is so "catchy" as to put out even "W.G." himself.

Our evening papers are sometimes very amusing. On the evening of July 17 the *Sun* found time, in the midst of electioneering disasters, to publish the following paragraph—

Max Edel, a German bacteriologist, recently took a bath, and then examined the water for microbes. He found that it contained five thousand eight hundred and fifty millions! After a bath of one foot only, he estimated the number of microbes at one hundred and eighty millions.

This statement, which served to complete a front-page column, leaves the casual reader in a state of uncertainty. How did the doughty professor count the microbes? Is he sure about the odd millions? Is he often taken like that? And, if he said the moon was made of green cheese, would the *Sun* give publicity to the statement? These odd morsels of science are difficult of digestion, and affect various people in varying

a "Steinway"—and played the introduction. The fact that he is a professor of pianoforte playing at the Conservatoire suggests that he is a sound pianist, and, in fact, he has a delightful touch, as well as admirable technique. I have never known anything more curious and charming than the way in which, by facial play, adroit use of voice, and lively humour in speech, he told the topsy-turvy story of the lady sculptor who fell in love with a statue of Pierrot, the work of her hands, and dreamed that it came to life. His music, even more remarkably than that of Wormser, illustrates the piece, and forms a running commentary.

"Mademoiselle Pygmalion" has been bought by Mr. Daly for production in America, and also here during his next season; so I ought not to say much of the clever libretto or the delightful music, which



SCENE FROM "THE WASPS."



SCENE FROM "THE WASPS."

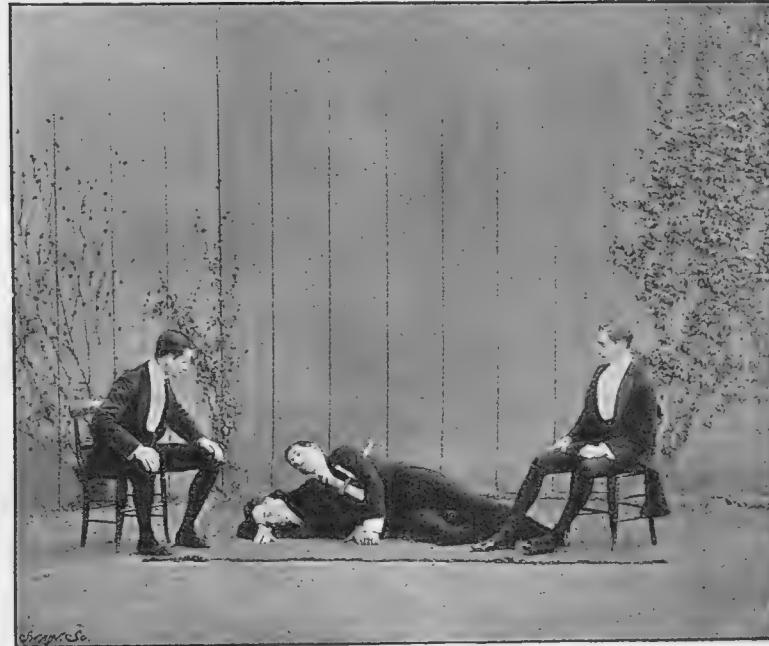


SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

"To show our simple skill, that is the true beginning of our end."

HOW ETON AMUSES ITSELF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, ETON.



SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

"Thus Thisbe ends: Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!"

ways. Some may be glad to get fresh proofs of the immensity of creation, others may be happy because our latter-day savants are so industrious. I myself confess that the overwhelming feeling of wonder at scientific attainments ran a bad second to the joy with which I noted that the professor had taken the bath. No doubt, his apparent abstinence was for the benefit of science, but—I am glad the water-fast is over. His next bath, if taken within the year, should give rise to less disquieting rumours.

I had a very curious, pleasant entertainment the other day. François Thomé, one of the cleverest and most popular of modern light French composers, came to my flat to play over to the representative of one of our great managers the music of "Mademoiselle Pygmalion," a pantomime play, written by MM. Michel Carré and "Jean Hubert," on the lines of "L'Enfant Prodigue." M. Thomé, a stoutish, middle-aged man, with a merry eye, sat down at the piano—a "Steinweg," which he mistook for

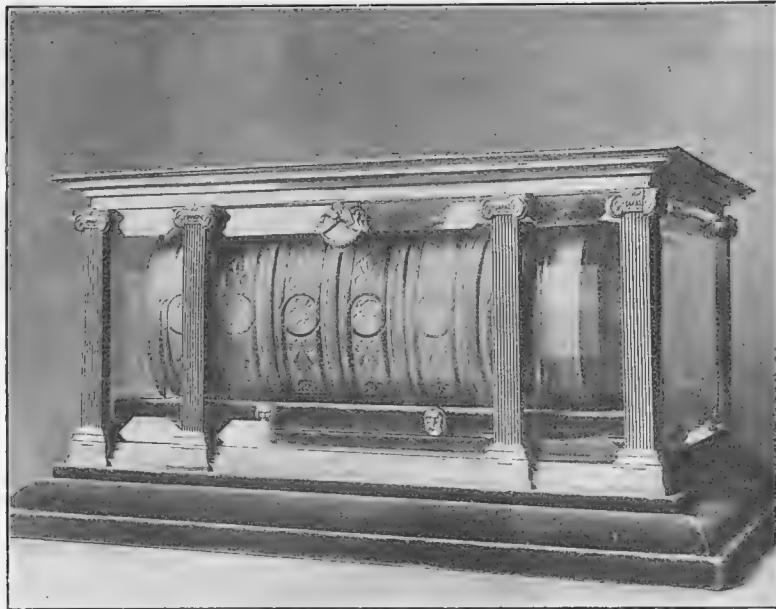
contains some numbers that soon will go round the town. Mr. Daly has engaged Madame Jane May—the Pierrot of "L'Enfant Prodigue"—to represent the statue. She, under the name of "Jean Hubert," is one of the authors. By-the-bye, I found that M. Thomé had made quite a tour among the music-publishers, and entered into contracts with three of our leading houses.

In the catalogue of Mr. John Lane's books, printed at the end of Mrs. Radford's "Songs and Other Poems," I find that the Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes are to be edited by "Edmund Goose" (*sic*). Who can this be?

"The Church and the World" looks well as the title of a play destined for early performance in America. Even more up-to-date was "Church and Stage," the name of a quasi-historical drama brought out last year at San Francisco.

A CHAT WITH THE SECRETARY OF THE IRVING TESTIMONIAL.

"One would think you had been in the Royal Navy rather than in the Scots Greys, Mr. Bashford," I remarked (writes a *Sketch* representative), as I happened on the genial acting-manager somewhere



THE CASKET.

Photo by F. A. Bridge, Dalston Lane, N.E.

within the precincts of the Garrick Theatre, where, brush in hand, he was painting the hull of a miniature false-keeled yacht.

"Would you?" he replied in cheery tones. "Well, you must know, I can turn my hand to most things. This boat I have cut out of a solid block of wood for my boy, who is about to become a 'middy.'"

"I am quite sure, at any rate, that you can wield the pen of a ready writer, while your long connection with stage life admirably adapted you to undertake the arduous post of secretary to the Irving Testimonial Committee," I remarked, well remembering, as I did, his business and friendly relations with Messrs. Wyndham, Bancroft, Tree, Daly, and lastly, with Mr. Hare, to speak generally of his valued services in the dramatic profession for the last twenty years.

"Well, of course, it has been a rather laborious and anxious business; However, the raising of the testimonial has been a tremendous success, while no one could grudge any trouble in helping to give honour to such a man as Henry Irving. He has attracted the affection of the whole profession by the dignity which he has won not only for himself, but, reflectingly, for us all."

"I agree with you entirely. It is an unprecedented honour, and will therefore never lose its high position. As I was not at the first meeting, tell me, briefly, what took place?"

"Well, a general meeting was called of the whole profession, when an executive committee, composed of the leading actors and actor-managers, with Mr. S. B. Bancroft as chairman, was appointed. It was agreed that the testimonial should take the form of an address to Sir Henry, with a list of the signatures of British actors and actresses, bound in the form of a book or album, and to be presented in a casket. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, eminent both as actor and artist, was suitably entrusted with the design, which Mr. Wellby, of Garrick Street, carried out most admirably."

The crystal-and-gold casket, it may be said, is strictly classical in design, rectangular in form, and of important size. The entablature is supported by twelve fluted gold columns of the Ionic order. The front panel has masks in gold relief of "Tragedy" and "Comedy." On three sides below the cornice is enamelled the inscription—

This casket was presented, with the address which it encloses, by the actors and actresses of Great Britain and Ireland, to Sir Henry Irving, to commemorate the knighthood conferred upon him by Her Majesty Queen Victoria MDCCXCV.

The casket is a beautiful specimen of English art goldsmiths' work, and contains nearly one hundred ounces of eighteen-carat gold. The album is an admirable specimen of Mr. Zachnsdorf's skill. It contains four hundred leaves of vellum, signed by nearly four thousand members of the profession, the leaves being decorated in gold, with lines, and dramatic emblems in the four corners, and is bound in undyed levant morocco, with morocco joints and pale-green levant morocco double and flics. The outside is beautifully decorated to a Venetian pattern, having fine double red borders round the boards, the Venetian tooling being worked close together. In the centre of each side is a dramatic emblem, the whole encircled with another red border and tooled. On the inside, that is to say the double, a Grolieresque design is tooled with scrolls and small toolings, the scrolls springing from the centre and extending to the sides and corners, while the small Grolieresque toolings are picked out in red. The solid gold clasps are worked to an old Venetian pattern,

with Sir Henry Irving's monogram chased upon them. The book is some four inches thick and about twelve in length, and forms a unique specimen of testimonial.

"Well, how did you set about your secretarial duties?"

"We sent out notices stating the object the committee had in view, and asking how many signatures would be furnished by each company. This was done in order to arrive at some approximate estimate of the work to be undertaken."

"And the next step was—?"

"The next step was sending vellum pages to each London manager, to each travelling manager, and to every actor and actress under engagement; and I should like to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of Mr. Davies, of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, for his knowledge enabled us to get in touch with many former members of the profession we should probably have otherwise failed to reach."

"And everyone signed willingly?"

"I never in my life experienced such an instance of unanimity. Absolutely, there wasn't a single dissentient. Of course, in an undertaking of this vast dimension, some people would insist on going to the wrong place to sign, or would make us impossible appointments—probably the outcome of over-anxiety to do Sir Henry honour. Indeed, some actually signed the vellum from a sick-bed, or at a railway station, or on the moment of departure by steamer."

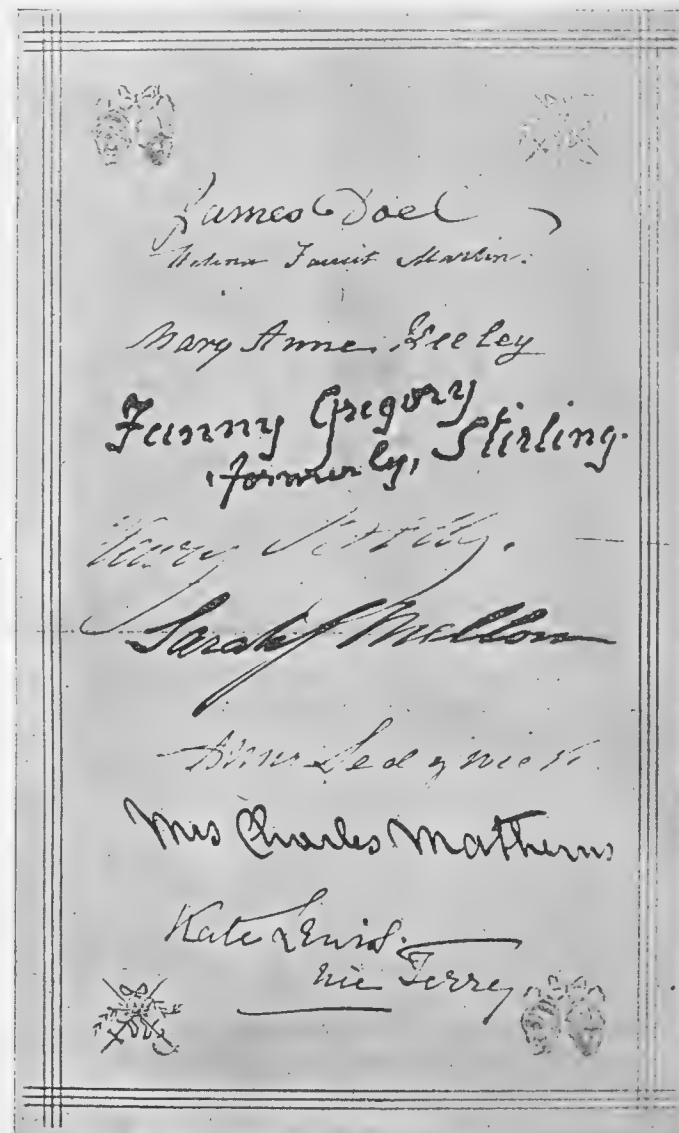
"When you say 'British actors and actresses,' of course you include those of the profession beyond the seas?"

"Oh, certainly! We have written to every hole and corner of the earth, so that not one active member of the profession should be negligently exempted from paying this professional compliment to our chief. Perhaps I should bore you were I to enumerate all the big names; besides, as I believe the smaller ones bear witness no less sincerely to their appreciation of Henry Irving, I will make no invidious distinctions."

"Now, as to these vellum sheets, Mr. Bashford?"

"Well, each represents a page of the album. We reckon that ten signatures should occupy a page, but, nevertheless, the signatories will sometimes squeeze in sixteen or more names. No, we have not yet finished receiving the vellums, and do not expect to for some time. We have close on four thousand signatures, which make an extraordinary record," appreciatively remarked Mr. Bashford, as he stroked his iron-grey beard.

"I can well estimate, secretarially, the work such a result means," said I, as I shook Mr. Bashford's hand, now free, for the nonce, of the Aspinalled paint-brush.



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE IRVING MEMORIAL SOUVENIR.

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

15



SIR HENRY.

RAB

MR. IRVING.

A T R A N D O M .

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

"At my end of the town," as the Duke of St. Olphert's would say, the spasms of the dying season make a cheerful noise about two in the morning. The humble attic I occupy looks out upon baronial halls which, at that hour, are alive with dowagers and other fascinations, including Mr. Anstey's

Hughies, Berties, Archies,
In the Guards, don't ye know;
With silken, long moustaches,
In the Guards, don't ye know;

and with dazzling white ties, recalling to my mind Mr. Tree as Beau Austin before the mirror, achieving with the fifth tie that miracle which throws the valet into ecstasy. "It's a dream, Mr. George!" When I meet Hughie, dressed for the evening's conquests, I always want to stop him, and say, "How do you manage it, Mr. George? How do you dream that tie into the exquisitely invisible knot in the mathematically calculated middle?" That would be a charity to Hughie, for he could regale the dowagers with the experience. "Stopped by a mad Johnnie, don't ye know. Called me George, by Jove! Wanted me to tell him how I tied my necktie! Don't know what this democracy is coming to. Lucky there's a Tory majority!" Well, about two in the morning, the baronial halls are disgorging the gilded throng, and I am aroused from slumber, peaceful as an infant's, by a roar of "Lady Muzzletuzzle's carriage!" and so on, in stentorian accents, through half the peerage.

It is astonishing how impressive a title sounds, borne upwards on a deferential wave to a humble attic and a newly awakened ear. Besides, I once had the honour of a conversation with Lady Muzzletuzzle; that is to say, I listened with monosyllabic interest to her ladyship's discourse upon the sad changes in London Society since she was a girl. Forty years ago the tide of blue blood flowed pure up marble stairs. Unless you were a scion of a noble house, you could no more get a card for a baronial "crush" than mount visibly to heaven from a donkey-cart. Society was very small then; it was not, as in the Byronic jeer, a horde composed of the "bores and bored," but a dignified blend of Lady Muzzletuzzle's youth and beauty with the wisdom of illustrious grandsires; whereas now—"Baron Strumbelberger's carriage!" wings triumphant on the morning air. Baron Strumbelberger is a member of a great commercial house, of Teutonic extraction, with a Hebraic tinge. His grandsire graduated in the humbler commodities of Hamburg, and rumour has it that this tradition will shortly blend with the lineage of the Muzzletuzzles, a mingling of two potent streams, like the union of the Rhone and the Saône. I wonder whether this commanding image occurs to Hughie, a luckless offshoot of an old county family, who has probably been pulling his "silken, long moustaches" rather grimly at the spectacle of a Strumbelberger's attentions to Lady Muzzletuzzle's niece. Is he speculating vaguely why a Tory majority of a hundred-and-everything doesn't keep the Rhone of birth apart from the Saône of the German shop? Or does he simply stroll into White's to dilute the flood of his emotions with a whisky-and-soda? Well, the stentorian accents from below are dying down in a drowsy murmur; and the attic is too sleepy to pursue the possible meditations of Hughie.

About four o'clock on these occasions, I wake with a pang from a dream of the aristocracy (before the later blend)—a dream illuminated by flambeaux. No *flâneur* in London fails to notice the iron extinguishers outside old houses, where the link-boys lighted the Muzzletuzzle family up the ancestral steps, and then put out the torches. The iron extinguisher is an affecting sight. Lights hidden under bushels do not excite my sympathies—where, by the way, is the bushel in these days of advertisement?—but the extinguisher suggests a "flaming minister" which cannot be relumed, which was wont to shed its beams on youth and beauty, when Lady Muzzletuzzle was a girl. I can see the link-boy holding his flambeau aloft, then thrusting it into the iron cavity which blotted it out, that it might not shine on earthly commonplaces, but be relighted the next night, to perform its devotional office of glowing upon Lady Muzzletuzzle's girlish charms. That extinguisher preys upon my spirits, and will not let me go to sleep again. Is there no obliging ghost of a link-boy who will come back, flambeau and all, and rekindle the glories which faded with Lady M.'s sylph-hood? I have a dark misgiving about that extinguisher. If a revolution should break upon us, and the streets should run with blue blood, or blood of a bluish tint (the fluid of the later blend), a demented populace may use the iron extinguishers for cracking the sconces of Lady Muzzletuzzle's descendants. . . . Evidently, I have a touch of nightmare!

To escape from morbid thoughts (it is now five o'clock, and I am wide awake), I seek refuge in cheering recollections of stentorian voices. One comes back to me with peculiar significance. It is the voice of the toastmaster at public dinners. He is a man with a confident eye and an expanding chest; and, as he stands behind the chairman, into whose ear he murmurs confidentially, as who should say, "Cheer up; I'll see you through!" that subordinate functionary shrinks to a mere cipher. Then comes a voice like an organ-peal: "My lords and gentlemen, please to charge your glasses. Pray, silence for your chairman, Adolphus Slimkins, Esquire." Poor Slimkins, who has a deprecatory treble, looks as if he would like to remark, "My lords and gentlemen, I have really no business in this chair. The toastmaster, as you know, is the arbitrary genius of public dinners; and when he calls your particular attention to me, I feel that my proper place would be under the table, if that position were not prejudicial to the character of a total abstainer." The toastmaster, indeed, is a symbol of that stimulus to degeneracy which Max Nordau deplores in the *Forum*. He complains that the newspapers, instead of ignoring degenerates like Ibsen and Tolstoi, are always proclaiming their lamentable eccentricities. The Press is a Grand Toastmaster, who cries "My lords and gentlemen, pray, silence for your mattoid, Henrik Ibsen, Esquire!" or "Please to charge your inkstands. Pray, attention for your graphomaniac, Count Leo Tolstoi!" Of course, the Grand Toastmaster, when such degenerates strive to fill the chair, ought either to overwhelm them with obloquy or take absolutely no notice of them.

Here appears to be Max Nordau's pill against the earthquake of new ideas which he considers criminal aberrations. The Press which collects news is to ignore the men who make that commodity. With equal reason, the historian might ignore the degenerates of history. Think of the evil which may have been done by the endless writing about Caligula! How much hysteria (hysterian might be a useful synonym for historian) has been caused by the controversy over Mary Stuart! When Max Nordau can persuade history to ignore itself, he may succeed in the unpromising enterprise of gagging the Grand Toastmaster. "Newspapers," he says, with exquisite simplicity, "do not believe in the Mystics, Symbolists, and the like, to whom so much space is devoted." If they gave their space only to what they believed in, they would never fill their columns. Max Nordau's error is that he wants to turn the Grand Toastmaster into the Grand Inquisitor. Intolerance is not compatible with the circulation of ideas. Besides, where is the interdict to stop? Will Max Nordau re-edit Shakspere, and tell us which works are to be blackened out by the censorship? "Hamlet" cannot stand, for it is the story of a degenerate with a weak will, murderous impulses, and an idiotic habit of talking to himself. "Lear" must go, for it is about an old fool who could not manage his household. "Othello" is not to be endured, for it is the triumph of malignity over imbecility. The "Sonnets" must be damned, for they confess the most shameful slavery to passion. The Grand Toastmaster must bundle all these masterpieces into oblivion, and say, "My lords and gentlemen, please to charge your bile. Pray, silence for Herr Nordau, your only Regenerate!"

In our Inquisitor's eyes, obscurity of style is a deadly sin. There is an inoffensive gentleman in Paris who, in the intervals of public functions, which he discharges blamelessly, occupies himself with a kind of poetry which very few people understand. According to Max Nordau, Mallarmé, absorbed in the quest of intangible felicities of imagery, is crazy. Robert Browning, one of the sanest of men, habitually wrote cryptograms. George Meredith, whose style is not like the hoarding which he who runs may read, is without a living peer in his grasp of the larger issues of life. In the *Yellow Book*, Mr. Henry James tells, with exquisite humour, the story of a man of genius who wrote novels not understood of the populace. He resolved to sacrifice his ideal of art, in order to make money for his family by appealing to the general reader; but the more he strove to be popular, the more obstinately, without his knowledge, his genius went on producing masterpieces. When he died, he left an unfinished book, called "Derogation." Somehow, I would rather have written this than "Degeneration," which the impartial Grand Toastmaster has so clamorously, and even blatantly, advertised. But that may be because it is six in the morning, and I am capable of lamenting Lady Muzzletuzzle's disused extinguisher.

EGBERT: "You think football is a proper game for women?"

BACON: "Just the thing for some women."

EGBERT: "Would you allow your wife to play?"

BACON: "No; but I'd encourage her mother to go into it."

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MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



HELENA (MISS ADA REHAN).

"How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is exactly the sort of play that Mr. Daly loves to produce, because it affords him a chance of editing Shakspere. The purist may object to Mr. Daly's treatment, but there can be little doubt that the public are at one with the American manager. The comedy has always been popular; at a time when plays were prohibited, parts of it were still represented (surreptitiously) under the name of "drolls." So long ago as 1692 it was turned into an opera, Juno appearing in a machine, peacocks spreading their tails and filling the middle of the theatre, and six monkeys dancing. Sixty years later it afforded the basis of another opera, called "The Fairies," produced at Drury Lane. The most noticeable modern revival of the comedy was that of Charles Kean, who mounted it at the Princess's in 1856, Miss Ellen Terry being the Puck, her sister Kate the Dancing Fairy, and Carlotta Leclercq Titania. Mr. F. R. Benson has made a special study of it, and it is to be hoped that, if he returns to town, he will give Londoners a chance of seeing him in his production. Mr. Daly has been successful in keeping the comedy on the boards, so that his programme—which would have had to be, otherwise, filled in with "The Honeymoon"—will be less diversified than was expected.

Theseus	MR. GEORGE CLARKE.
Egeus	MR. TYRONE POWER.
Demetrius	MR. FRANK WORTHING.
Lysander	MR. JOHN CRAIG.
Philostrate	MR. HORART BOSWORTH.
Quince	MR. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
Snug	MR. HERBERT GRESHAM.
Bottom	MR. JAMES LEWIS.
Flute	MR. SIDNEY HERBERT.
Snout	MR. WILLIAM SAMPSON.
Starveling	MR. THOMAS BRIDGLAND.
Hippolyta	MISS LEONTINE.
Hermia	MISS MAXINE ELLIOT.
Oberon	MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.
Titania	MISS PERCY HASWELL.
A Fairy	MISS SOFIA HOFFMAN.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow	MISS LILLIAN SWAIN.
Helena	MISS ADA REHAN.



BOTTOM (MR. JAMES LEWIS), AND TITANIA (MISS PERCY HASWELL).

TITANIA: "Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no."



OBERON (MISS SYBIL CARLISLE), AND TITANIA.

OBERON: "What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take."

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Pyramus.

The Wall.

Thisbe.

Moonshine.

Lion.

Quince.



Theseus. Philostrate.

Hippolyta.

Egeus.

OLD FRIENDS.

BY MISS A. O. BRAZIER.

The snow, black with fog and smuts, was melting rapidly away into dark, slimy streams of thick mud. The roads, heavy with slush, which the horses splashed in every direction, were almost impassable, and people were everywhere hurrying away, shivering in the cold atmosphere as they passed out of the flickering light of the street-lamps, and disappearing into the damp gloom of the fog-laden thoroughfares.

A woman with tawny hair and curious dark eyes was carefully crossing the road, stepping gingerly into the thin places between the layers of mud, and looking with some irritation at a coating of clay on the toe of her polished boot.

She was a woman whom people looked at twice, and then wondered why they had done so. At first sight, her face was fresh and young-looking, with an attractive light about it that contrasted strongly with the general gloom of the great city; but, on closer inspection, there were deep shadows mingled with the light, and at the corner of her lips, showing in spite of the coating of powder, was a pathetic droop, a droop that had fooled men into blind madness more than ever the subtle glances of her dark eyes had done. She carried herself with an air of distinction, and she had a swing with her walk which was peculiar in a woman, and yet, withal, in no way masculine.

She reached the kerb on the other side, holding her skirts high out of the mud, and had scarcely obtained a footing, when a man, suddenly rounding the corner, collided violently with her.

For a moment things whirled dizzily before her eyes; but when they cleared, and she lifted her head at the sound of his profuse apology, the colour began to die rapidly out of her face.

The man stood transfixed, his hand raised to his hat, staring at her in a dazed way, as if she had risen from the dead; and for a moment they faced each other in silence.

"Good God!" he cried at last. "You!" His face twitched nervously, and he looked at her like one fascinated against his will. "You!" he repeated stupidly. "What the deuce brings you here? I—I never thought to see you again."

"No," she said, in a smooth, low voice. "Nor I you. But, after all, it is not strange, since the world is so small."

She laughed softly, showing a row of white, even teeth between her red lips.

The laugh seemed to relieve him. He pushed his hat to the back of his head, and passed his hand tremblingly across his face.

"Why are you here?" he asked presently. "What have you come for?"

"I only came a week ago," she explained. "I don't know why. I had no reason for coming, except that I was tired of Paris, and wanted change."

This seemed to disturb him a little, and he would have left her abruptly; but something in her eyes—something that had mastered him once before—held him, and brought a gentle note into his voice when he spoke again.

"It is so long since we met," he said, "that we ought to have a great deal to say to each other. Shall we go and have something to eat somewhere?"

She took his arm, and they picked their way together through the fast-gathering fog, through the murky streets, to a little restaurant hidden away from the broad thoroughfare behind a mass of gaunt, dark houses,

"The old place," she said softly, as he held open the door; and as she passed in, she looked into his face, and a light leapt into her eyes.

The restaurant seemed gloomy. The furniture, which had once been rich and somewhat showy, was now dingy and worn. The gilt on the pier-glasses was tarnished; the mirrors themselves were dull, and the gas flickered feebly as the doors swung to and let in the damp air.

A waiter bustled round them as they made their way towards a distant corner, and took the order solemnly; while the woman unfastened her veil and loosened her jacket.

"It seems like old times," she said joyfully. "To think of meeting you again! I begin to think it is not real, and that you will vanish like a ghost presently—vanish just as you did years ago."

The man moved a little uneasily, and rose to hang his coat on the stand close by.

"It is best not to remember those things," he said. "It—it was not a pleasant ending."

"No," she said, a little subdued. "It—was not—a pleasant ending."

She began to drum slowly on the table-cloth, looking at her white fingers as she did so. She was, apparently, unconscious of the action, and gradually it ceased, leaving her looking down, staring dumbly at the cloth.

The man's voice roused her.

"What have you been doing since?" he asked.

He was almost afraid of the question, and he fancied that she caught her breath a little, as if something had hit her in the face.

"Doing?" she repeated slowly. "Nothing. Eating, drinking, sleeping. What else is there to do? What is the *use* of doing anything else?"

"You—you have not married?" he asked.

"Married? I?" she cried, catching her breath. "For God's sake, why did you ask me that? There—there was only one man, you know, Dick."

He fancied there were tears in her eyes, but he dared not look.

"Have you not overcome that old infatuation?" he asked brutally. "I—I thought it was over long ago—before we—"

He stopped short. She had clutched his arm tightly, and her white face seemed curiously close to his.

"That was not why?" she said breathlessly. "It—it was not—"

"No," he replied, looking away from her; "it was not that."

She sat very still for a little while, and the waiter came up and deposited the dishes on the table. When he had gone she turned to Dick.

"And you?" she said. "What have you been doing?"

For a moment there flashed before his face the picture of a bright-eyed, laughing girl—a girl whose very presence breathed childish innocence and sunshine—and, half unconsciously, he shrank a little from the woman at his side.

Perhaps she noticed the movement, for she said, half bitterly, "I suppose other people have come into your life now, and you have forgotten the friends of old times?"

"No," he replied, "not that; I—I have not forgotten—I could not very well."

She lifted her head and scanned his face.

"So many things happened in those days," she said. "What a rush life was—how *happy* it was! No long, lonely hours—no ugly routine—or duties, or rights or wrongs"—dropping her voice and speaking slowly. "No things to think about—nothing to stare one in the face at night."

He shivered a little, and frowned.

"Why do you talk like this?" he said. "Don't bring everything back again. We have not too much time to spare, and it is not wise to revive old memories. Life is not what it was to any of us, and it is altogether too short to waste in vain repinings. Let us forget it."

She shook her head.

"That is the worst of it—I never can," she said, with a choking in her throat. "It is hateful that one has always to remember."

He made no reply to this, for there kept flashing up before his eyes the picture of that bright-faced girl, and a sudden nervous anxiety seized him. It was unaccountable and unreasonable, and he shook it off and spoke to his companion.

"I have some news for you," he said lightly.

The look in her eyes intensified, but his gaze was lowered to his plate.

"I expect you will be rather surprised to hear," he went on, "but I am going to be married."

The moment that followed seemed like hours to him. He thought the restaurant was horribly, hatefully still, and he wondered angrily why no one moved, why they all waited, as if they were listening for her reply.

He turned. She was smiling, showing her gleaming teeth framed by those red lips—dimpling her cheeks into which the blood was flowing smoothly now—and looking up at him with something like amusement in her eyes. He felt inexplicably relieved.

"Married!" she echoed. "So you are really to be caught at last? I should never have expected it. I—I thought you were a regular old bachelor. Shall I congratulate you?"

"If you please," he said. "In three weeks I am doomed for better or for worse."

His gaze became fixed on some distant object, and he relapsed into silence.

For a moment her knife rattled nervously against her plate, and then she laid it slowly down. . . . The restaurant was much dingier than it used to be. The light did not shine so brightly as in the old days, and a different class of people patronised it. There were no merry voices, no laughter, no bright conversation, no quick clattering of knives and forks, no hurried popping of corks and musical chink of glasses—nothing.

And outside, the carts, as they passed through the silent fog, looked like ghostly vehicles on their way to the borderland.

A little later, a lonely figure went along the Embankment. She passed a policeman on his beat—hurried by him swiftly and silently; but as she did so, he almost fancied he caught a sound that was curiously like a sob, and he turned to watch her disappear in the thick fog.

MISS ANNIE HALFORD.

Miss Annie Halford, who appears as Serpolette in "Les Cloches de Corneville," to-morrow week, at the Crystal Palace matinée, to be followed by two weeks in the East-End, has been so long in the provinces that it may be forgotten that she began her stage career in town. At the age of sixteen she appeared at the Avenue Theatre as Murielle in "The Old Guard," playing the part three hundred times. Parts in "Nadgy" and some of its operatic successes followed. Then she dived into the provinces, beginning with Sir Augustus Harris's "Venus," and has since kept to the country, playing the principal parts in comic opera, burlesque, and pantomime. In 1893-4 she made a great hit in pantomime at Bristol, and when she lately reappeared there as Serpolette in "Les Cloches de Corneville" she met with a most enthusiastic greeting. Last Christmas she created the name-part in Mr. Victor Stevens's burlesque, "The Saucy Sultana." So pleased was Mr. Stevens with her impersonation that he practically wrote a part for her in his next burlesque, but, being re-engaged by Mr. William Hogarth for Serpolette, she could not undertake it. Miss Halford will appear as Serpolette at Stratford on Aug. 12, and the Standard Theatre Aug. 19, one week at each, so those of her former admirers who think it worth while to journey so far east will have an opportunity of seeing what hard work in the provinces, experience, and determination, can accomplish.

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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MISS ANNIE HALFORD AS SERPOLETTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

BEATRICE, twenty-four; ELSIE, twenty-six; RACHEL, nineteen.

BEATRICE. Now, girls, before I ring for tea, there's something I want to discuss with you. You know what it is, and it's no good beating about the bush. We can't go on like this any longer. It's a shocking waste of power. We can't all marry him, of course, but one of us might.

ELsie (*sarcastically*). Only one?

BEATRICE. It's come to this: we must combine; we must have some sort of trades' union.

RACHEL (*timidly*). How could we? What sort of union?

ELsie. Matrimonial would be preferred.

BEATRICE. We really ought to be able to make a plan; unless, indeed, it's true that women can't combine—can't work in concert.

ELsie. There's not much to be done at a Monday Pop., although it sounds propitious.

BEATRICE (*severely*). Elsie, you're vulgar, and *not* a bit funny. And it's nonsense to imply that we don't see him often enough. We're always seeing him!

ELsie. It's a case of familiarity breeding contempt, then!

BEATRICE. If you were to suggest that these matters should be left to a far-seeing but admittedly overworked Providence, I should be quite prepared to argue; but if you are only going to play the wag, we may as well stop talking seriously at once.

RACHEL (*with some hesitation*). Don't you think that Providence, perhaps, knows best?

BEATRICE. I think that, at one of the most critical junctures of our lives, we should not be content to leave things to chance—or Providence, whichever you like to call it.

ELsie. We certainly shouldn't dream of letting Providence choose us a new flock.

BEATRICE (*earnestly*). Now, if you only will consent to what I propose—

ELsie. It's not I that would refuse *any* proposal!

RACHEL (*aghast*). Oh, Elsie! how can you say such awful things?

ELsie. You little Puritan! I didn't mean anything. You are really almost too young to be included in a council.

BEATRICE. Girls, do listen! You know pretty Mrs. Belinfante—really, I don't know why we always give her that adjective! It positively amounts to a title, and there are plenty of better-looking people who are barely recognised as not plain!

ELsie. Charm, my good girl, charm. That's what she has that your barely recognised people haven't.

BEATRICE. Well, it always seems to me that an unlimited number of Paris dresses is the chief part of it. Well, what I was going to say is: she comes home next week. Now, are we going to stand by helplessly while she rides roughshod over us, as she did last season, or are we not?

RACHEL. Oh, girls, I do wish you'd let me speak sometimes! She's not roughshod at all, you know she isn't, and she's awfully kind to girls.

ELsie. Yes, you know, Beatrice, she did ask us all to whole heaps of things last winter; and it's not her fault if he's in love with her—only our misfortune.

BEATRICE. Oh, I quite admit all that. But we're not going to interfere with her. She doesn't care whether he's fluttering around her or not—she doesn't care a bit about him, either way.

ELsie. The fact remains the same, that he's not the least use to us so long as she's in the room; we might as well not be there.

RACHEL. Isn't it perhaps safer to have him in love with pret—Mrs. Belinfante, who isn't in love with him, and couldn't marry him if she were?

BEATRICE. And we could all marry him if we liked—if he liked?

RACHEL. Oh, don't! However, not to put too fine a point upon it, we are all, more or less, in love with him, aren't we?

ELsie. Mostly more, I'm afraid.

(RACHEL gives a long corroborative sigh.)

BEATRICE. And we all think that he is, perhaps, inclined to be just the very least little bit in love with us—all of us—don't we?

RACHEL. Oh, no! not so much as that.

ELsie. Rachel, you know he goes to see you—I mean, of course, your mother—every Thursday, and he's been to every one of our musical Mondays, and he's always here at Beatrice's Fridays. Now, isn't he?

RACHEL. Yes, and, for all we know, he goes just as regularly somewhere else on each of the other days of the week, and there are four left!

BEATRICE. Well, it's no good letting things drift on as they like. Mrs. Belinfante will be among us again directly, and we must have a plan of action. Can anyone suggest one?

RACHEL. I couldn't! It wouldn't be nice.

ELsie. I've none ready!

BEATRICE. Well, my plan is this. We must each take him in turns, week by week, or month by month, if you like. We must draw lots for who is to have first innings, and the other two must devote themselves to securing a fair field. The way we three always stick tightly glued together is simply absurd. Then we shall soon know which of us three—

ELsie. But how if it isn't any of us three?

RACHEL. And how can we stop him talking to anyone he likes?

BEATRICE. Rachel, you are a baby! Have you never been interrupted when you were talking to someone you liked?

ELsie. I suppose he may talk to Marion Guest—she's as good as engaged to Jack Parratt—and a few more like that?

BEATRICE. Of course. He must *sometimes* talk to other people!

ELsie. We can't insure against *all* accidents. That would come under the head of "Queen's Enemies"!

BEATRICE. You know mother's got them all coming to dinner on the 28th. The Belinfantes will be back by then. That odious Mr. Belinfante is on his yacht, cruising about the Mediterranean, and she is at Tangier, because she is such a bad sailor—

ELsie. More likely because he is such a bad husband; but it doesn't matter.

BEATRICE. Now, listen; you two can come in after dinner on the 28th, and we will begin to act upon our plan at once. What do you say?

RACHEL. What shall we have to do?

BEATRICE. Well, first of all, we must draw lots. Only be quick, or Edwards will be coming with the tea.

[They draw lots, hastily prepared by robbing the evening paper of its margins; the marked paper falls to Rachel.]

ELsie. Oh, how I wish it was one of you! I'm too awfully shy.

BEATRICE. There is mother calling me. I must go. I'll be back in a minute. (Exit, glad of the opportunity to hide her disappointment. She had quite meant to be first.)

RACHEL (*shyly*). Elsie, do you know, I don't believe I am really and truly in love with him—not properly, as you and Beatie are. I only like him much better than anyone else!

ELsie (*dryly*). Oh, of course, we can all put it in that way if we like!

BEATRICE (*returning with an open telegram in her hand*). Look here, girls! This really is too vexing! Just when we had settled everything. He isn't coming on the 28th. Listen (*reads*): "Exceedingly sorry, cannot possibly come 28th. Urgent business calls me abroad at once. Will write.—LINDELL." "Handed in at the Albert Dock office at 4.43." What can that mean?

ELsie (*helplessly*). Means he isn't coming, I suppose.

BEATRICE. Now I shall just die of curiosity till I know all about it! What can "urgent business" be?

ELsie. It might be debts!

RACHEL. Or a legacy!

BEATRICE. Suicide or elopement of his youngest brother!

RACHEL. He hasn't got one!

ELsie (*mockingly*). Or perhaps he has shaved off his moustache, and it doesn't suit him!

RACHEL. It may be anything it likes, it doesn't alter the fact—he's gone!

BEATRICE. Why Albert Docks? Where does one go to from the Albert Docks? How could we find out?

RACHEL (*absently*). Look at the paper!

ELsie. The paper will tell us nothing.

BEATRICE (*catching sight of a paragraph*). Doesn't it, though? (*Reads*) "We regret to hear of the awfully sudden death, on board his yacht, of Frederick Belinfante, M.P. The—"

ELsie. That explains it! Mrs. Belinfante is the urgent business, and he's gone off to Tangier!

BEATRICE (*bitterly*). That is quite clear to anyone who can put two and two together!

ELsie. One and one together, you mean. Why, where is Rachel gone? Isn't she going to have some tea?

BEATRICE. She's gone to put two and two together, in silence and tears, in the garden.

ELsie. Silly little thing! I do believe she really cared for him!

E. L. F.

A BALLADE OF THE SEASON'S END.

Farewell to the Club, to Dinner and Ball,
To Hurlingham, Henley, and Ranelagh's shade,

To the morning ride and afternoon call,

To the pomp of powder and silver braid;

The freedom has come for which we have prayed,

And we go to lie at ease for a spell,

Too long in the haunts of Fashion delayed—

For Goodwood has sounded the Season's knell.

The glamour's gone from the Park and the Mall,

And the flowers in the window-boxes fade,

The coaching teams lie in meadow and stall,

And gaiety's skirt is dusty and frayed;

So away to where the honey is made,

To the waves that ripple on sand and shell,

To the rural rest of a silent glade,

For Goodwood has sounded the Season's knell.

My Lord is off to his country Hall,

And the merry yachtsman's anchor is weighed,

And the actor's tour is booked for the Fall,

And the statesman's plans for the shire are laid;

The blinds are down and the shutters displayed,

And the loaded cabs at the station tell

That August calls to the Duke and the jade,

For Goodwood has sounded the Season's knell.

ENVOY.

O Prince of Pleasure, O mother and maid!

Away to the river, the moor and dell;

Have you lost? Have you won? The game is played:

For Goodwood has sounded the Season's knell.

J. RIDDELL ROBINSON.

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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Oscar Wilson - 95

A DIVING BELLE.



THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.



ÉVEIL.—MDLLE. MARIE PERRIER.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

The death of the Season is quickly killing the artistic interests also of London. Galleries are closing; artists have long since flitted, for the bulk of artists has little in common with the London season; the time of sensational sales even is over; and the art world, in a word, is settling down into that long, quiet sleep from which the gaiety of winter alone awakens it. On Aug. 10 the New Gallery will be closed, and the pictures which remain unsold will be dispersed to the men who made them. On the 3rd of the same month the Society of Painters in Water-Colours also closes its exhibition, so that silence is settling fast around us.

We have noticed in this column various items of interest among the sensational sales of the Season. Among other pictures which have recently fetched somewhat startling prices should be mentioned Hoppner's portrait of Lord Nelson, with the Battle of Copenhagen in the background, which actually fetched the sum of £2667; while a Murillo, "The Holy Family," a painter whose work has in recent times by no means received the worship which once was given to it, sold for the extraordinary sum of £4200. Romney, it is true, has, in these latter days, considerably increased his popularity, but, even at that, the sums of £1732 for the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, and of £1081 for the portrait of Lady Reade, must be reckoned as quite remarkable.

One expects, somehow, to find that a good Ruysdael will nowadays fetch a substantial price; nevertheless, £4410 for his "Sea View: the Entrance of the Y," should please the shade of even so great a painter as he. Compared to this, a portrait by Rembrandt for £1155 may be regarded as almost unnoticeable. On the other hand, the artistic achievement of Sir T. Lawrence has encountered in recent times so much disfavour and prejudice that one greets the news with some feeling of surprise that his portrait of Lady Owen, daughter of the Rev. J. Lewes Phillips, sold for very nearly a thousand pounds.

We have already mentioned above some of the galleries which are on the verge of closing—some, indeed, have already closed their doors. The Guildhall Loan Collection, which has been a triumph in every way

would seem that the brave Grafton Gallery, with its beautiful array of children, will alone claim public attention to achievements in the art of painting.

If we look at the record of the various large exhibitions of the year, the Guildhall Collection, it may unhesitatingly be said, has probably contributed to the public appreciation the largest quantity of enjoyment. The Royal Academy, with all its various interests, is chiefly visited out of a pervasive sentiment of curiosity. The thousands of country visitors who throng London during the months of May, June, and July, make it, as it were, part of their religion to visit the Academy, heedless of boredom, of headache, of physical and mental irritation. They take their catalogues, they mark their favourite pictures, and they are provided with food for gossip through many a blank week, for the Academy is a social institution, and is worshipped on those grounds.

The Guildhall Collection, on the other hand, is decorated by no such glamour. All the pictures that it contained were not new, some of



DAISY CHAIN.—FREDERIC YATES.

them being, indeed, the pick of former Academics. Its work, therefore, is entirely educative; and, if one may judge from the recorded lists of visitors, one would venture to say that it does that work very effectively indeed. Moreover, for the fulfilment of that work, its local position gives it a peculiar value. It could scarce ever be the resort of a fashionable crowd, and it has nothing sensational in its character. It is a noble institution, doing noble work, and we trust that it will never cease to exist among the annual artistic exhibitions upon which London is pleased to pride herself.

We may record, as a matter of general interest, the recent additions which have been made to the walls of the National Gallery. In Room XX, and numbered 1456, hangs a Cotman which was recently purchased at Christie's, "A Galliot in a Gale." In Room XIX, and numbered 1460, hangs Ibbetson's "Smugglers on the Irish Coast," a picture which can boast an admirable scheme of colour; and in Room XI, numbered 1459, hangs "A Portrait Group," by G. Van den Eekhout: the picture includes four full-length portraits of men seated at a table. The work is remarkably complete, satisfactory in modelling, and strong in execution.

The eighth number of *Pears' Pictorial* deals with "Fair Children at the Grafton Galleries." It contains some fifty-six reproductions of pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Millais, and other artists celebrated for their ability and skill in portraying children, together with interesting biographical details of the artists, their works, and their children-subjects. It makes an admirable companion to "Fair Women," which formed a previous number in the issue of this periodical.

A very interesting picture in water-colour, descriptive of the christening of Prince Edward of York, has just been finished for the Queen by Mr. A. Forestier, who was commissioned by her Majesty to paint the scene. Like all Mr. Forestier's work, the picture is admirable, and the Queen has expressed her approval of it.



"THE YELLOW BOY."—SIR HENRY RAEURN.

Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

This pathetic picture depicts a poor child suffering from hip disease, of which he subsequently died.

and from every point of view, has finished its successful career, and by the time these lines are beneath the eyes of readers the Royal Academy will no longer be a contemporary survival. Indeed, it

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THE ST. CLEMENT'S CAVES, HASTINGS.

The old part of the town of Hastings is built upon the Ashdown Sand. This geological formation forms the high cliffs on which the Castle is built, and further north the portion of the West Hill where the curious and highly interesting St. Clement's Caves are situated. They probably, in part, date from the twelfth century, a period when the first Cinque Port was in its zenith of importance, not only for its large foreign commerce, but for the fact that to it and the other Cinque Ports were entrusted the forming and manning the war-fleet of the day, when, from its fine harbour, scores of vessels plied between the coasts of France and Flanders, and when caves like the above, and large, splendidly built, groined cellars, such as may now be seen under the cottages of the neighbouring Cinque Port of Winchelsea, were necessary as cool receptacles for the storage of wine and the other commodities which, at that date, formed the principal articles of commerce between the two countries. A few hundred yards

no mention of them. During the beginning of the present century, a gardener, while removing some soil under the cliff at the end of his employer's garden, noticed a small aperture in the rock. After scooping away sufficient mould to effect an entrance, he crawled in some few yards. In the darkness he did not notice a small flight of rude steps, and was precipitated to the bottom. These steps were the entrance to the caves, but, fortunately, a deep deposit of sand at the lower part prevented his sustaining any injury. His employer had the opening thoroughly cleared and the caves carefully examined. Several quaint and rude carvings were discovered, but of what date it would be difficult to determine. One is supposed to be Harold, another a divine, and a third represents a mourning-urn, but whether cut in memory of one long since passed away, or for some ornamental or religious purpose, can now only be left to imagination. There is also a large receptacle cut in the rock, which has the appearance of having formed a reservoir for water. On entering these caves on a bright, sunny day, the sombre, utter darkness produces a peculiar feeling almost akin to awe! Fortunately,



THE CAVES AT HASTINGS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. BLOOMFIELD, HASTINGS.

distant from the caves outside the Castle walls, excavations have been found somewhat similar in design, but possibly much more ancient. By a flight of steps, so worn that they are now little better than a steep inclined plane, several large compartments hollowed from the rock are reached. These may also have been used for cellars, as well as donjon prisons. The St. Clement's Caves are nearly all excavated. They are cut into the solid sandstone rock, and run a quarter of a mile under the West Hill, generally in a north-easterly direction. In some parts, one might almost fancy, from their appearance, that they were the burrows of some Brobdingnagian comies, so like are they to the openings seen in warrens. Probably, in later times, they were used by smugglers as a safe hiding-place for contraband goods, Hastings having been noted for its blockade-runners. Within recent years, at the rebuilding of an inn further up the hill, the Old Fortune of War, a large, peculiarly built, brick-lined well, or vault, was discovered far under the basement of the house. This also was another storage-place for smuggled goods. Local tradition tells many interesting and thrilling stories of night-adventures, and cunning artifices employed by these "honest thieves," as Charles Lamb calls them." It is strange that, for many years, the caves seem to have been quite lost and forgotten, their entrance being entirely blocked by a fall of earth. This may account for the earliest guide-books and noted writers who visited Hastings making

however, artificial light is at hand, and a cheery, particularly civil guide is ever ready to "show one round." In 1864, the Prince and Princess of Wales, while staying at St. Leonards, visited the caves, and were deeply interested. Many geologists also explore them with delight, not that many fossils are to be found, but there are certain deposits which tell of a period when the sandstone was, as it were, a part of another world altogether—when the sand formed the upper surface, and a species of immense palm grew among it, and the iguanodon, whose footprints have been discovered in the rocks of the neighbouring cliffs, lived under their branches. On certain evenings the caves are illuminated by many hundred candles, and a band plays in a part called the "Ball-Room." This is a columned compartment, something after the style of the Catacombs at Rome. Then may be seen the strange sight of scores of people dancing underground to the music of a string-band. The superincumbent earth gives a peculiarly softened and deadened sound to the notes, but, on the whole, the effect is not unpleasant. Fortunately for the revellers, the temperature all the year round remains exactly the same—a trifle below temperate. In conclusion, no visitor to Hastings should miss paying a visit to the St. Clement's Caves, which will well repay him for the climb up the West Hills, which, as well as the caves, have wisely been purchased by the town of Hastings.



THE SILENT SEA.



THE SAUCY SEA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUARDUCCI, ROME.



THE LITTLE TERNS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. WATMOUGH WEBSTER, F.C.S., CHESTER.

AN "A.B.C." IDYLL.

BY S. EDGAR TURNER.

We were sitting at one of the tables near the door, waiting for tea, and while we waited there came music for our entertainment. My mood was generous, and I listened contentedly, tapping the floor in time to the strains.

But the afternoon was warm, and thoughts of business were with Ritchie, and he was impatient at the interruption. And when the door swung wide and the noise of the playing grew, he turned to me and said—

"I tell you what it is: these dirty Italian beggars are an infernal nuisance; they ought to be branded and shipped back to their beautiful Naples. Listen to that now. Barbarous! barbarous! If it wasn't so hot, I'd go out and kick the fellow."

Even as he finished and I smiled doubtful assent, the "Intermezzo" died away, and a vision of loveliness stepped into the room. And I knew that it was the organist and looked admiringly.

Never was woman's dress more perfect harmony of blue and white; never sang prettier peasant-girl in comic opera. From out her cap waved rich dark hair, and in the shadow smiled eyes that were bright and liquid. On her cheek and about her neck and throat was the warm kiss of the summer sun. But brightly red were her lips, and brightly red was the rose that lay in the lace of her bosom. It was enchanting, and I bowed my head in thankfulness.

She passed from table to table, holding out a tray for the offerings to the music of her beauty, and I watched her in silent content. But presently she stepped into one of the recesses, and the room was dull, and I leaned across to Ritchie and said—

"Truly, Bert, a dirty Italian beggar! Are you not sorry? Shall not the atonement be in repentance and silver?"

He spoke no reply, but smiled a little and followed her with his eyes as she came from the shadow and continued her progress. And it was a triumphant progress, rich in copper coin and gentle words. For Charity is never cold to beauty, and she was very beautiful, and begged with pretty suasion.

She reached our table, and, with a smile that allowed a glimpse of pearly teeth, asked contribution of Ritchie. The moment of the atonement was at hand, and I waited curiously.

While yet the smile was upon her lips, and the "Music, Sir," was in the air, he stood up and gazed past the outstretched tray into her dark eyes. Then gently he took her hand and, with the air of a courtier addressing the lady of the land, besought her to honour him by drinking tea in his company. I nodded once or twice in admiration, and listened for her reply.

She was confused at his words, and blushed, and let the tray drop a little, so that, one by one, the coins slid to the edge. He spoke again, earnestly and respectfully, and drew a chair to her side; and I noticed how handsome he was and wondered at her hesitation. For a moment or two longer she stood in doubt; then, in sudden resolve, she bowed, and seated herself before him. And he thanked her and released her hand, and she placed the tray on the table and, with downcast eyes, waited his pleasure.

A yard or two away stood one of the waiting-women, smiling superciliously. Ritchie beckoned her to him, and frowned down at her until the smile was gone. Then he said, "Bring tea, please, with cream. And some sponge-cakes—the softest you have. And some strawberries, if there are any, and more cream."

She turned away submissively, and Ritchie drew his chair to the table, so that his coat touched the white muslin sleeve, and entertained his guest with whispering conversation. And the nervousness went from her, and she lifted her eyes, and replied to him in pretty broken English.

And presently, low in her ear, he spoke some high compliment, and she pretended to be angry, and moved, so that there was a little space between them. But it was only a pretence, for, at his look of sorrow, she broke into a murmuring laugh, that came through the air like music played in tune. And I saw and heard, and was sick with envy and loneliness.

And yet I was not entirely alone. Two or three tables down the room sat a merry band of youths, drinking coffee, and studying the world. And, for the hour, their world was Ritchie, myself, and the fair Italian; and, as I looked, the youngest and the merriest leaned towards me, and made as if there were some jest between us.

But I regarded him for a moment only. The handmaiden was returning, and on her tray she bore the Arcadian banquet. Tea and cream and sponge-cakes, she laid them by the hand of Ritchie, and said, "There were no strawberries, Sir. This is the ticket."

He thanked her, and poured some of the cream into the cup, and spilled a little as he poured, at which there was another musical laugh, and a petulant, "That was not good; let me." And he gave place, and there was the jingle of bracelets as the brown little hand moved about the table.

She sipped the tea, and ate one of the cakes, every now and then stopping to laugh and talk with Ritchie. But suddenly the smile went from her face, and, in pretty concern, she stood up, and, pointing to the door, whispered something to him.

He too stood up, and, for a moment, looked about in perplexity. Then his eyes fell upon me, and his face cleared as he said—

"I say, old man, just go out and look after the organ, will you, please? We shall not be long."

I remembered how Jonathan went out from the city towards Ezel; and I bowed and went into the sunlight of the street. But my step was heavy, and my cheek was hot and flushed.

A few yards to the left of the door I saw the organ; and I saw, too, that the police-officer standing on the kerb had one hand on the handles, and that the boys in the gutter were watching him expectantly. For a moment or two I hesitated; then boldly I walked to his side and lied shamefully.

The owner of the organ, I said, had been seized with a fainting-fit, caused by the heat of the sun. She was being attended to within doors, and presently she would be better and would return to her charge. In the meantime, I would take her place. Would he accept a small ransom, and would he persuade the idle boys to move away?

He left, and before him fled the boys, and for a little time I was alone. But only for a little time; there was the noise of swinging doors and laughter, and by me stood the youths who had been drinking coffee at the table two or three down the room.

And one by one the gutter-boys returned, and listened as those on the pavement talked. And I was abashed, as one who stands in the pillory and bows his head towards the scoffing women.

"It is the unequal division of the spoil that I complain of," said one slowly.

"And the fact that the man resolutely refuses to turn the handle," said another.

"And that the ragamuffins do not yet understand that it is the famous Viscount Hinton."

"It is our duty to tell them. Proclaim it, Harry."

For many minutes I endured the purgatory, and prayed silently for release. And at last there came answer; there was more laughter and swinging of doors, and Ritchie and the fair foreigner were at my side. And so charmingly she thanked me that the trouble passed away, and I was glad that I had endured to the end.

The atonement was complete, and the moment of leave-taking was at hand. Again I watched curiously.

There were no whisperings, no dallings with the silver bracelets. Quietly and almost sadly he took her hand and touched it with his lips. Then, as she bowed, he raised his hat in farewell, and arm in arm we walked away. And as we turned, I saw that the lace on her bosom was free from adornment, and that a rose lay full and red against the black of his coat.

We reached the corner in silence. Then slowly he said—

"A very fair imitation of the manner of Lawrence Sterne, and Sterne had practised much. And the flower is very pretty; it was graceful of her. And now let us catch this bus, or we shall be late at the Tivoli."

THE RETURN OF THE ARMADA.

Mr. Austin Dobson in his famous ballade asks, "Where are the galleons of Spain?" Well, three of them—the battleship Bellayo, 9900 tons (flagship of Rear-Admiral Martinez de Espinosa), and the cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa (7000 tons displacement) and Marques de la Ensenada—are lying off Plymouth, this being the first official visit to Plymouth since the destruction of the Armada, 307 years ago. Mr. Dobson must reconstruct his verses.

The Don, in his insolent pride,

Determined to conquer and quell us;

The world he desired to bestride,

And thus of Old England was jealous.

But a stroke of good fortune befell us,

And scattered his ships on the main;

"Twas said they would nevermore "smell us,"

Yet, here are the galleons of Spain!

The elements thus did divide

Those caracks that tried to expel us,

And scattered on many a tide

The cannon whose thunder would knell us;

And bards and historians tell us

"The power of the tyrant is slain,

Tis hopeless to try and excel us"—

Yet, here are the galleons of Spain!

To-day in the Channel they ride,

By Plymouth. Perchance they will sell us?

Nay, Vengeance is laid to a side,

The Don has no longing to shell us.

And we for their comfort are zealous,

And drink to his Majesty's train;

Old memories cannot repel us,

For here are the galleons of Spain.

A HINT TO THE POET.

Beau Austin, your ballad may swell us

With patriot pride or disdain;

But the Don isn't done, as you tell us,

For here are the galleons of Spain.—J. M. BULLOCH.



SISTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, SYDNEY.

A PICCADILLY TRAGEDY.

BY GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

The torrent of homeward-travelling humanity was flowing down Piccadilly. The City man, warned by his physician that, if growing dyspepsia was to be checked, he must walk to and from his work, trudged manfully homewards. The club-man wandered more leisurely to his diggings to dress for dinner. A white petticoat here and there flashed out from the trousered throng. It was half-past six on a January evening, and dark and muddy.

At the corner of Half-Moon Street there was a momentary block. A swearing cabman delayed, to hurl a volley of oaths at a smart brougham, across which he had inexequably drawn. An appreciative audience in the front rank of the walkers laughed, though what there was to amuse in the coarse language it was hard to see.

Suddenly there was a quick, bright flash, a pinging report, a dead fall of a body, and a woman seized and pinioned by prompt and powerful arms. Then the walkers gathered round, and enjoyed the tragedy even more than they had appreciated the blasphemy.

The victim, who was "dead as nail in door," proved to be Lord Charles Summers. The Nemesis, a true daughter of night, was Julie Panton, a *demi-mondaine*, as impulsive and dangerous as she was dissolute. And her wantonness and recklessness brought her this way to the gallows. The wonder lasted for nine days, and then the puppy's eyes were opened.

What the world wondered at was that Charlie Summers, of all people, should have proved licentious. The husband of a woman who was as charming as she was beautiful, he and she had passed for patterns to all contemplators of matrimony. And now, of a sudden, all dignity, all honour, was gone. Death and ignominy had come at one blow. In truth, it was an inglorious heritage that his offspring drew at a stroke. Nor was the horrid acquisition all, for dispossession was at its heels, and victimised them too.

"My money go to the children of a profligate dog! Not a farthing of it! Let the litter starve, for all I care, and the sooner the better!" and the Opulent Uncle nursed his wrath and his gout.

"No, no," he went on; "so long as Charlie showed himself a gentleman after he married (although, mind you, I always said he'd be better as a bachelor), so long he might look forward to inheriting my money. But now there's an end of him and his, so far as I'm concerned. I'm sorry for the young woman, his wife; but she took her chance, and it's turned up a blank. Now it's Edward's turn." (This was Lord Edward Summers, Charles's twin brother, double, and *alter ego*.) "And Edward, as long as he shows *himself* a gentleman, shall walk in Charlie's shoes. Not that I look upon Edward as a paragon of virtue. On the contrary, I fear he's not altogether a Joseph; but, then, I've no reason to suppose that his peccadilloes are vulgar, and I draw the line at vulgarity." And the old gentleman gave a grunt of satisfaction, as much as to say, "Now I think that's a very virtuous and proper view to take of life."

Having thus delivered himself, Lord Stonehouse called for pen and ink, and wrote, commanding a visit from his nephew, and clearly hinting that the corner in his heart which Nephew Charles had occupied was now "To Let," and Edward might be its tenant during good behaviour.

But it is open to doubt whether the old misogynist would have been so ready to replace the one by the other had he known that the two brothers had been equally enamoured of Miss Flora Carew, and that it had only rested with her to decide whether she should become Lady Charles or Lady Edward Summers. However, the secret had been kept, and Lord Stonehouse never even dreamed of it. And the next day Lord Edward called on his uncle, as he was bidden.

"Edward," said the old peer, "this is a devilish nasty business!"

"It is, Uncle."

"It'll drag the family horribly in the mud."

"It will, Uncle."

"I suppose nothing *can* be done to hush the matter up? I suppose they'll hang the trollop, and not be content to do that without turning up all the disgraceful particulars?"

"I fancy not."

"There's no possibility of squaring the reporters, is there?"

"None, I should think; the murder of a lord is much too valuable for copy."

"Then there's nothing further to be said about the cursed business, except this—that not a farthing more of my money shall go to his brood. I shall not even continue the allowance I made him to his widow."

"And why not, Uncle?"

"And why not, Ted? Why, because I've got better things to do with my money than to employ it in keeping out of beggary the spawn of a vulgar libertine. No, Ted, not one word on their behalf, I beg you. The young woman I pity, but she has made her bed, and she must lie on it."

"You must forgive me, Uncle, when I say that I think you have come to a too hasty conclusion, and that, when you have heard further particulars, you will think so too."

"I beg you to explain yourself, Ted?"

"I will do so, Uncle, as clearly as I can. Oh, God help me!" suddenly exclaimed the young man, burying his face in his hands, and startling Lord Stonehouse by the sudden change from the unnatural

calm which had possessed him hitherto. "Oh, God help me! God help me!" and his whole frame shook as only does a strong man's in mortal agony.

"Ted, Ted, my boy!" cried the old man, whose pride only had been touched up till now, but who found his heart at the sight of the young man's overwhelming grief. "Ted, Ted, my boy, my poor fellow! it's, of course, as bad as bad can be for you. I forgot, Ted, you loved him so."

"Loved him, Uncle, loved him! Yes, I loved him, and I've killed him!"

"Ted, my poor lad, you don't know what you say!"

"You don't think I know what I am saying, Uncle? Yes, yes, Uncle, I do. It's burnt so deep into my brain that I seem unable to say anything else but 'I've killed him, killed him!'"

"Ted, you're ill; you're overwrought, my boy, by the calamity. Ring the bell! A brandy-and-soda will put you right."

"As you will, Uncle; but it'll take more than that, I fear."

And Lord Edward got up and stood leaning on the mantelpiece peering into the fire until the butler had come and gone. He then strode to the table, poured out and swallowed a stiff glass of spirits, and faced his uncle with resolve at his mouth.

"The fact is, Uncle," he said, standing with his back to the fire, and speaking calmly and deliberately; "the fact is, Uncle, that Julie Panton never knew Charlie at all. She mistook him for me. You know that no stranger could tell us apart. I was meant to be her victim. That is all, and that is what will have to be told at the trial. It's even worse than you had expected, I'm afraid"; and when the one man stopped speaking, the other, too, kept silent. Indeed, not another word was said by either.

How long he stood there waiting Edward did not know. Finally, he took his hat and left the old man looking straight into vacuity.

Such was the story, as near as I could gather it, from Lord Stonehouse and from my friend Edward Summers himself. Lord Charles I had never been intimate with; but I am sure that no one could have been more astonished, at his falling a victim to the jealousy of a dissolute woman, than I was to learn that Edward had got entangled in the foul meshes of such an one as Julie Panton. It was only the old story—

Let us be open as the day,
Each one doth to the other say
When he would better hide himself.

I would have gone bail for Edward's purness of living to any amount; and, here he was, another Ulysses, who had proclaimed to me a hundred times the practicability of virtue, forgetting his glory in the foul pleasures of *Aeaea*. With the horrible trial that followed, and the details of the vulgar intrigue, my faith in goodness took wings, and, with Edward's disgrace and sudden and complete disappearance thereafter, began my own loss of self-respect—my own rapid demoralisation.

Not that I appear very different, probably, to the world than I did, for I have learned to patch up the gaps in my modesty with hypocrisy, which matches it well. In speaking of which I am reminded that the last of poor Edward's canting lectures was called forth by my remarking that hypocrisy is one of the healthiest signs in a community, for it shows that virtue is the fashionable rule, otherwise there would be no object in aping it.

Ten years have gone. Lord Stonehouse died soon after the trial, and all his fortune passed to Lady Charles Summers and her children. Not a word was said, in the will, of Edward, and I know that he had practically nothing to live on. Attempts from time to time to trace him have been made, but to no purpose. Wherever he went, he evidently assumed successfully some evasive name. After all, he was rather a fool to give himself away. I'm inclined to think I should find him a trifle too virtuous for me, and something of a bore if he turned up now; so perhaps it's better as it is.

"Oh, it's you, Brown, is it? Why, I declare you quite startled me, I was so engrossed in writing that I didn't hear the door open. A letter, is it? Thanks."

An envelope with a South African post-mark, addressed in a strange hand. Inside, a letter—by all that's extraordinary! a letter in Edward Summers's handwriting. But what's this? Dated two years ago—

MY DEAR GILBERT,—Death, as I remember you once saying in the dear, good old days that are passed, death, the great arithmetician, will one day reduce us all to a common denominator. This I write with a request attached, that, when I have gone *ad majores*, it shall be forwarded to you. Since I last saw you I have suffered—something, but I have, too, known something more than happiness!

(Poor devil! he doesn't seem to have got over his hypocritical phraseology.)

And in this letter I propose to myself the luxury of being a little ungenerous. Yes, so far ungenerous as to let just one person know that Charles was guilty, and that I was not the hypocrite you imagine. Far, far my greatest trial has been the knowledge that I had lost your love and respect, and the love and respect of Flora Carew, whom I almost loved better than my own soul. And here I solemnly charge you, by our friendship, to keep the contents of this letter to yourself, but I feel I cannot die without leaving one heart loving and one friend believing in me.

Gilbert, by the God in Heaven above us, I swear to you, Julie Panton was unknown to me, even by name, when she killed my brother!

(Signed) EDWARD SUMMERS.

Phew! he expects me to believe that, does he? No, my dear Edward, I really can't!

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE YOUNG PRETENDERS." *

Of books about children there are, roughly speaking, two classes—the books written to please the children, and those written to please their elders. It is difficult to decide in which class Miss Fowler's "The Young Pretenders" should be placed. Her children are delightful, natural beings, who meet with the same adventures and misadventures that most real children meet with. When Miss Fowler is merely relating these doings, she is at her best. She has a simplicity of style and a directness that are sure to appeal to her youthful readers. And then the details—the childish mind loves details—are so carefully given. We are told exactly what Babs and Teddy did and saw in the Park, and what games they liked best to play. Then, suddenly and most unnecessarily, comes some rather mawkish moralising about Uncle Charley's selfishness or Babs' "beautiful childish soul." The gradual conversion of Uncle Charley is admirably hinted at during the progress of the story, and spoilt by the last paragraph, the sentiment of



MISS FOWLER.

Photo by Fry and Son, South Kensington, S.W.

which, even were it understood of the children, could hardly be appreciated by them. "Why," they would ask irreverently, "why did Uncle Charley want to sit in the room when it was dark and empty, and didn't the housemaid ever dust the toys?"

Babs and Teddy, when we first meet them, are living at Cloverdale—that is, as far as a tangible habitation is concerned. They really live in the Land of Pretence. Babs is "Mrs. Stonor" in most of their plays. Teddy is "Mr. Stonor," except—and this is rather hard on Babs—when he becomes, without any warning, "Henry Baker," a gentleman given to cutting up his children in slices. At Cloverdale lives Giles, the gardener, and Nana, the most amiable of nurses. There are rabbits, a brook to paddle in, birds' eggs that can be hatched on the top of the hot-water cistern—everything the heart of childhood could desire. Before the story begins there was also Grannie, but the children "had always thought of Grannie as a piece of drawing-room furniture, quite a nice piece, but dull and delicate, as most drawing-room furniture is to the child-mind." Grannie's death, however, makes a sad change in their lives. They leave Cloverdale, and go to live in London with Uncle Charley and Aunt Eleanor. Their parents are only known to them as "Father-and-Mother-in-Inja." Babs is disappointed in Uncle Charley's appearance—

"I thought you'd be 'zactly like this," she explained, drawing nearer; and the smart young officer looked with amazement on a hideous advertisement for recruits, which portrayed a red-cheeked soldier blowing a trumpet. "And Giles always says as the British soldier is the pride o' the nation, and I was so glad my uncle was one; and now you are quite different, not a bit like the pride o' the nation, and no sword nor medal nor nothing." And she looked at him reproachfully.

Uncle Charley on his side is sadly disappointed in his little niece. So is Aunt Eleanor. Teddy, with his angel-face and fair hair, soon becomes a favourite with her. But, alas for Babs! Her aunt had expected a pretty, doll-like child, who would sit beside her in the victoria, whom she could dress up as she liked, and show off to her friends. The much-talked-of little niece is fat and brown, with an uncomfortable habit of saying what she thinks.

Aunt Eleanor put on a tea-gown, and threw herself down on the sofa. "I feel wretchedly ill!" she exclaimed, petulantly; "these hot days give me such a headache."

"Do you think you'll get better, or die?" asked Babs, with interest.

Aunt Eleanor naturally prefers Teddy, who, when he sees her for the first time in evening dress, says, "You're as lovely as a fairy or an angel."

In London there is a governess. Miss Grimston is of the conventional type—bony, spectacled, severe. She has peculiar theories of education, which she finds very difficult to enforce. This is what happens when she tries to reprove Babs—

"You are a very naughty, pert little girl, and I shall put you in the corner."

"What's that?" asked Babs, with interest. Hitherto, she had been quite ignorant of nursery penalties.

"Go and stand in that corner, with your face to the wall." Babs cheerfully complied.

"What happens now?" she asked, a minute afterwards.

"You will remain there until you are good."

"I've like a cow what's in a stall," laughed Babs. "Teddy, I've pretendin' I've dear Flossy. We've never played this game afore."

"Be silent, Barbara!" cried Miss Grimston, in the last stage of irritation.

"It is not a game at all, it is a disgrace."

Babs then began to make a sort of gentle munching sound, and occasionally shook out the ends of her sash.

"That's Flossy's tail whisking," she murmured, quite content.

Later, we follow the children to the seaside, where they have a most amusing meeting with a fat baby, who has an insuperable objection to a "piggy." This episode of the baby is altogether delightful, and nowhere does Miss Fowler show the keenness of her powers of observation more strongly than in this passage—

On the way up from the sands nurse walked with the baby's nurse, and Teddy and Babs each held one of its fat little hands.

Babs assumed a squealing tone of voice in addressing it, to indicate its supreme youth as compared with her own five-year-old maturity, and Teddy talked in the peculiar style usually adopted towards a kitten.

"Look, little Baba, at the pretty moo-cows," piped Babs, in a singularly shrill voice.

"They give the nice milk for Baba's tea," continued Teddy condescendingly.

"No old moo cows feed Baba," said the baby in solemn, deep tones. "Nana give Baba nice tea."

Why a child, so little older than the baby as Babs, should think it necessary to use a shrill tone in speaking to it, we cannot tell. But it is almost always so.

The return to London is sad. A new nurse comes in the place of Nana, who goes out to join Father-and-Mother-in-Inja, to take care of a new baby-sister. The new nurse is a terrible person. She is intimate with the Bogey-Owl, a dreadful creature supposed to live behind her bed. The children's fear of this creature is most graphically described. Here the story gets rather sad. Babs is constantly in trouble, and, in spite of Uncle Charley's well-meant efforts, between the nurse and the governess she has rather a bad time. We are not sure, however, that this part of the book will not prove the most interesting to children. Next to being harrowed, children like to hear of other children being naughty. It is always the naughty member of a family with whom they like best to play. The departure of Miss Grimston and the advent of Miss Wace makes us more cheerful. Miss Wace is a sensible, gay young person, who instructs in the modelling of pigs in clay. Uncle Charlie grows more and more kind, and at last the shadowy Father-and-Mother-in-Inja become a real Father-and-Mother-at-Home. The children go with their parents, the regained Nana, and the new baby-sister, to their beloved Cloverdale, and, so we conclude, "live happily ever after."

It only remains to be said that the illustrations are by Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, and that they are singularly graceful and charming in composition.

E. C.



SNAKE-CHARMER, INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Copyright photo by Robey.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The murder of Stambuloff, the Bismarck of Bulgaria, taken with the attendant and subsequent circumstances, forms a complete and perfect example of utter baseness. The present rulers of that unfortunate country may reasonably claim to have done the choicest thing in black-guardism since authentic records began. It would be damning them with the faintest of praise to compare their achievement with that of Judas Iscariot. He, good, weak man, condescended to the feebleness of remorse—he went and hanged himself, whereas Prince Ferdinand of Coburg and his Ministers and his police seem not in the least inclined to hang themselves—nor, which is sad indeed! does anyone else seem likely to hang them.

A guileless Muscovite paper, with the true, sincere, religious feeling that never deserts the Russian, saw the finger of Providence in

North; and the brave Macedonians who slew the ex-tyrant could be appropriately rewarded with the Legion of Honour.

The General Election just completed, or nearly so, has one feature which distinguishes it honourably among its kind. From whatever cause, there has been a quite disproportionate slaughter among the faddists—a very battue of wild bores. Gone is Alpheus Cleophas, and Hopwood of the short sentences and long speeches, beloved of burglars, and the cap of Keir Hardie, and Conybear, no longer of Camborne—

Gone is the graceful shape
Of Snape,
And gone the winning wiles
Of Byles.

The deliverance is too great. We hardly dare to breathe freely, lest a fresh and worse-crop of bores should spring up from the ranks of the



A SUMMER SYREN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

the coincidence that while a Bulgarian deputation was beslaving the boots of various high Russian officials, the man who had victoriously withstood the force and wiles of Panslavery was being hacked to pieces by his private enemies. These coincidences are rather frequent in Russian history. Once, for example, the "finger of Providence"—with the help of some other less dignified fingers—produced a salutary revolution by tightening a silk sash—but that is another story.

The infamy of the murder is artistically completed by the organised riot at Stambuloff's funeral, and the insults offered to the representatives of those Powers understood to be friendly to the independence of Bulgaria—Roumania, the Triple Alliance, and England. It remains very much to be seen whether anything will be taken by this insolence. For "the Coburger"—one is sorry that he should come of a respectable family—even if he were to be recognised by Russia and (of course) France, would be as far from European recognition as ever, and the diplomats would still come to his dinners without their orders, if they came at all. But, doubtless, he would have orders in plenty from the

victorious Unionists. May the gods avert it! Yet, even if fresh bores are elected, they must needs learn the craft of Parliamentary boredom before they can weary us as of old. And by the time our bores are full-grown tuskers, another election will be upon us, and the swing of the pendulum will relegate them to oblivion.

One feels disappointed with Mr. Rider Haggard. His chairman was insulted and threatened (so he says) by a Radical lordling, and there was none to swing the Watcher down on the rash man's head, and decorate the ceiling with arabesques of gore. The candidate was besieged in his hotel, but where was Groan-Maker? Why were not all the Broads purpled with the blood of Radicals? Not one poor head was smitten off, not one miscreant hurled over a precipice; perhaps, being Norfolk, there *was* no precipice. We did hope for an elephant-rifle, at least. But the mighty hunter talks of a petition. Alas for Romance! The man whose pages have streamed with slaughter is beset by savages, and he brings an action. Alas for the Haggard that Rides no more! The gory has departed!

MARMITON.

HOW I TASTED HUMAN BLOOD.

BY BARTY PAUL.

It was in the Boer War of 1879. I was sent with a despatch from Newcastle, on the Natal border, to Standerton, and had to ride through a country occupied by the enemy. We knew from experience that the Boers had parties out on all the roads to intercept messengers, but, as I was pretty well acquainted with those parts, and had a good horse, I hoped to slip through, without being noticed, by a cross-country route. I had got over more than half my journey when, just about dusk, I saw a solitary Boer riding in the distance. He disappeared almost immediately in a fold in the ground, and so, hoping that he had not in that brief moment discovered me, I stood where I was, behind a clump of rocks.

My horse and I were both in need of rest, so, as darkness came on, I moved down into a grass-grown donga below the rocks, where the horse could graze, and whence I could see anyone approaching by their being defined against the sky-line. I had had the misfortune during the day to lose one of my saddle-bags, thanks to a rotten strap, and found myself, in consequence, without food and without any more ammunition than the cartridge in my carbine and two spare ones in my pocket; and so, for more reasons than one, I looked forward to getting soon to my journey's end.

As the moon rose behind the rocks, I began to think of starting on my way again, when suddenly my nerves were put on the *qui vive* by my horse chucking up his head and staring forward for a few moments with pricked ears; then, without having stopped chewing, he dropped his muzzle back into the dewy grass and went on grazing as though dewy grass bred no such thing as "horse-sickness." Following the direction of his stare, I fancied I saw something moving in the shadow of the rocks, and, a few seconds later, the figure of a man loomed up clear and black against the moonlit sky, moving along the top of the "kopje" in a stealthy, stooping position. Hat, beard, and rifle proclaimed him to be a Boer; time, locality, and posture told that he was searching for me. Mechanically, I brought my carbine to the "ready"; as I did so, he stopped and slowly sank behind a stone. Either a glint of my weapon or a sound from my horse had caught his attention. I was in the deep shadow of an overhanging rock, and my horse was behind me, effectually concealed by a projecting corner of the bank. I never took my eye off the spot where the enemy had disappeared. The minutes dragged by like hours as I watched, without seeing a sign.

Could he have slipped away from there altogether, and perhaps be creeping down behind me somewhere? I dared not take my gaze off the place for a single moment, and the tension of waiting gradually became almost unbearable. My heart was thumping away all the while with suppressed excitement, almost drowning the only other sound audible in the surrounding dead stillness, the sound of my horse contentedly cropping the herbage. At last a movement by the stone I was watching, and I saw his head rise slowly and quietly peer about. It seemed almost like a bad dream to watch this spectre so noiselessly exerting all his craft to find me, in order to take my life.

How steadily he stared into my donga with his head only just above the stones! But he could not see me, his eyes could not pierce the darkness of my hiding-place.

Seeing nothing, he gradually raised himself to gain a more extended view, or to look into the ground more immediately under his position; and now I saw his head, shoulders, and body clearly silhouetted against the sky, almost under the moon. Quickly I raised my carbine to my shoulder; the barrel shone like a bar of silver as I pointed it for his head. Slowly and steadily I lowered the fore-end till the bar was diminished into a single spark shining against the lower part of the black figure. He never moved, and all the while my brain kept repeating those lines of Gordon's—

How strange that a man should miss
When his life depends on his aim!
How strange that a man should miss
When his life—

At the right moment hand and eye worked mechanically in unison, and, through the roar and red blaze that followed, I had a momentary vision of two hands thrown up against the sky, and then blank darkness. My horse, startled by the report, first claimed my attention; and then, as I slipped in one of my two remaining cartridges, I wondered what next should be done.

Was the man dead or shamming? Had he friends near who would be attracted by the report? Should I stay where I was or make a bolt? I finally decided to wait a few minutes and watch.

Not a sound; nothing moved. So, carefully and quietly, I crept up the donga, and, by a detour, made my way to the back of the pile of rocks. A movement in their shadow caused me to drop flat among the stones, till I saw that it was only the Boer's horse quietly grazing out into the moonlight. So the man was still there; but was he alive and waiting, or was he dead and safe? Cautiously I crept nearer and nearer, with my carbine ready. Still no sign. At last I see something. Is it a branch or a crevice? It is a rifle and its shadow lying across the rocks. Enough! Even if alive, he is in my power now. I walk boldly forward. There, near the rifle, down among the stones, is a huddled heap. It is the first man I have ever shot. I don't quite know what to do. I push him with my foot; no response. He is dead. How strange it seems! A few minutes ago this dead bundle was as full of life as I; every muscle and nerve, every sensation, in fullest working order, and now—but one little act of mine, and the whole is thus collapsed.

Only now the moon was looking down on two human beings approaching each other over the wide veldt; a moment later, she looks sadly down on one standing beside the crumpled remains of the other.

The two horses are still grazing peacefully on opposite sides of the rocks.

I roused myself from my musings, and took up the dead man's rifle. It was a Martini-Henry. After appropriating its cartridge, I knocked out the block-axis pin, and threw the block away, so that it might no longer be of use to an enemy. And then I thought to replenish my own ammunition from the enemy's store, and turned again to the corpse.

I felt a reluctance to touch the poor limp thing; but his haversack was partly underneath him, and had to be got out. That done, I drew the cold hands down to the sides, and straightened out the legs, but could not go so far as to turn the body on its back—I feared to see the face. In the haversack I found, besides the cartridges, a Bible, and some rusks and "biltong" (sun-dried meat). The cravings of hunger were re-awakened by the sight of food, and I was soon munching away at my newly acquired supply, while I still stood in a kind of fascination over the body of my victim.

How strange to be eating the food prepared for one who now had no need for it! to be tasting the flavour (which, somehow, I did not altogether like) that possibly he would have been tasting now had not all power of taste suddenly gone out of him—for ever! Then his Bible lying there reminded me that we were both practically of the same belief: two Christians, whose religion told them to love one another, meeting in the midst of a heathen land—strangers to each other on earth, but brothers in spirit. We meet—to greet each other with peace and goodwill? No; but, without even a word of anger, one to kill the other.

And a great remorse comes over me. What right had I to take his life? By killing him, in what torrent of grief and ruin may I not have involved a wife and bairns? Did I not fire before there was need for it? In vain I tell myself that, had I not killed him, he would have gathered me.

All feeling of animosity is drowned in that of pity. At any rate, if his comrades find him, they shall know that we "Rooi-batches" bear no grudge, but have some good-feeling in us: may it help to dispose them more peacefully towards us!

So, after a very short meal, I stow the ammunition and the remainder of the food into my pocket. Then I drag the body from where it lies—leaving only a black, shining blotch among the stones—into a shallow cleft between the rocks. Here I turn it on to its back, and see the pale, dead face, the paler for the contrast with its black beard in the clear moonlight. I close the glassy, staring eyes, and compose the limbs in their narrow bed, and then, with large boulders, I overbridge the grave, and fill up every crevice well with stones. Little now is left to do. On the highest rock, just above the grave, I build a cairn of stones, in which I firmly plant the rifle, upright. I take his Bible—which has writing in its cover that may tell his name—and fasten it, inside his hat, to the muzzle of the rifle; and to the cleaning-rod I tie my handkerchief, to serve at once as a scare to beasts and an attracting sign to men. And then I turn, and leave the spot.

I reached Standerton all safely with my two horses, soon after day-break, and delivered my despatches. When I emptied my pockets, daylight showed me that what was left of the biltong and rusk was all besmeared with blood.



THERE IS HOPE BEYOND.—DUDLEY HARDY.

JULY 31, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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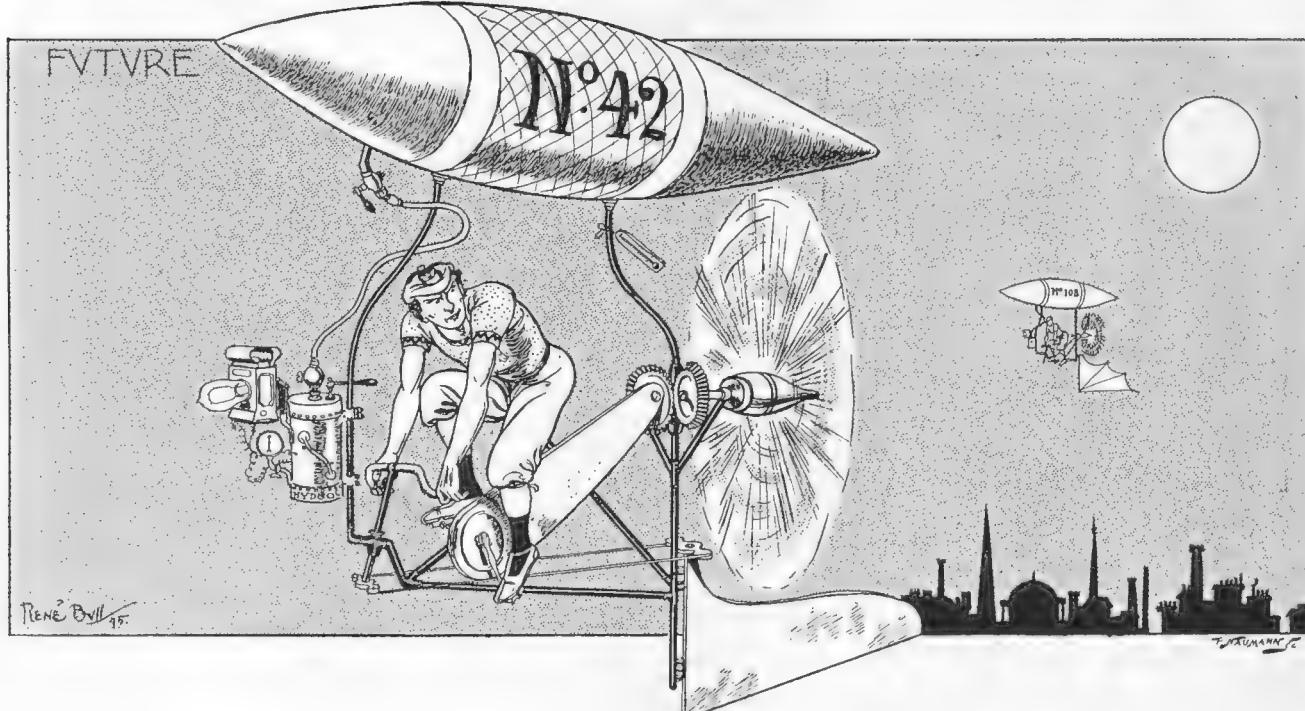
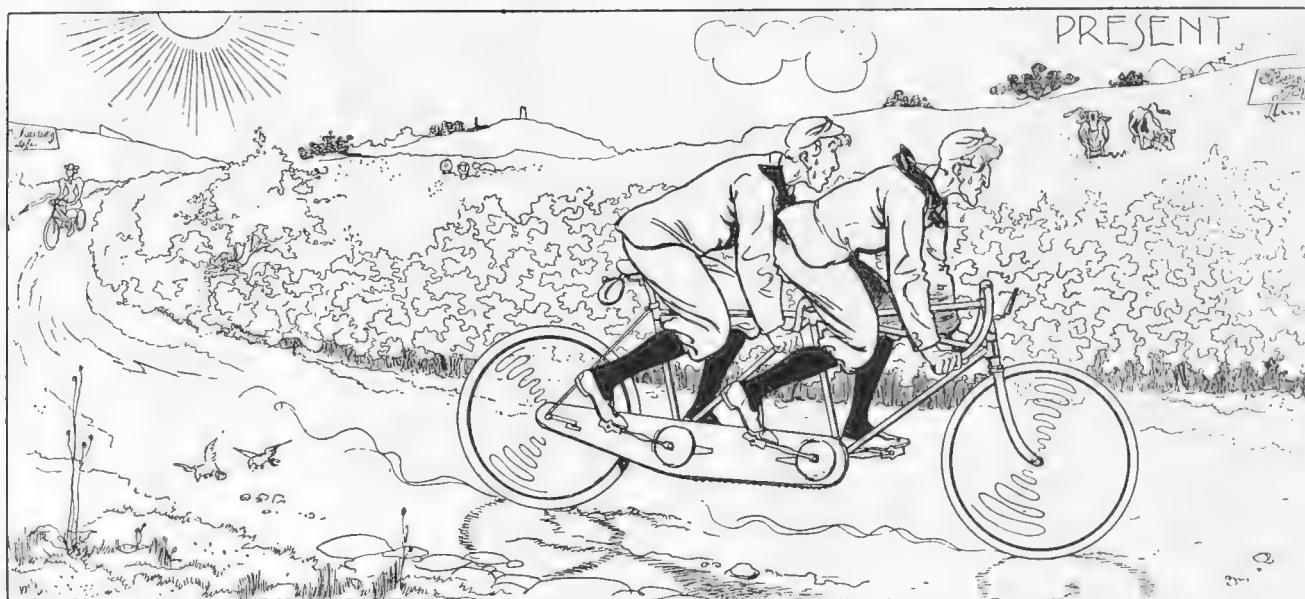
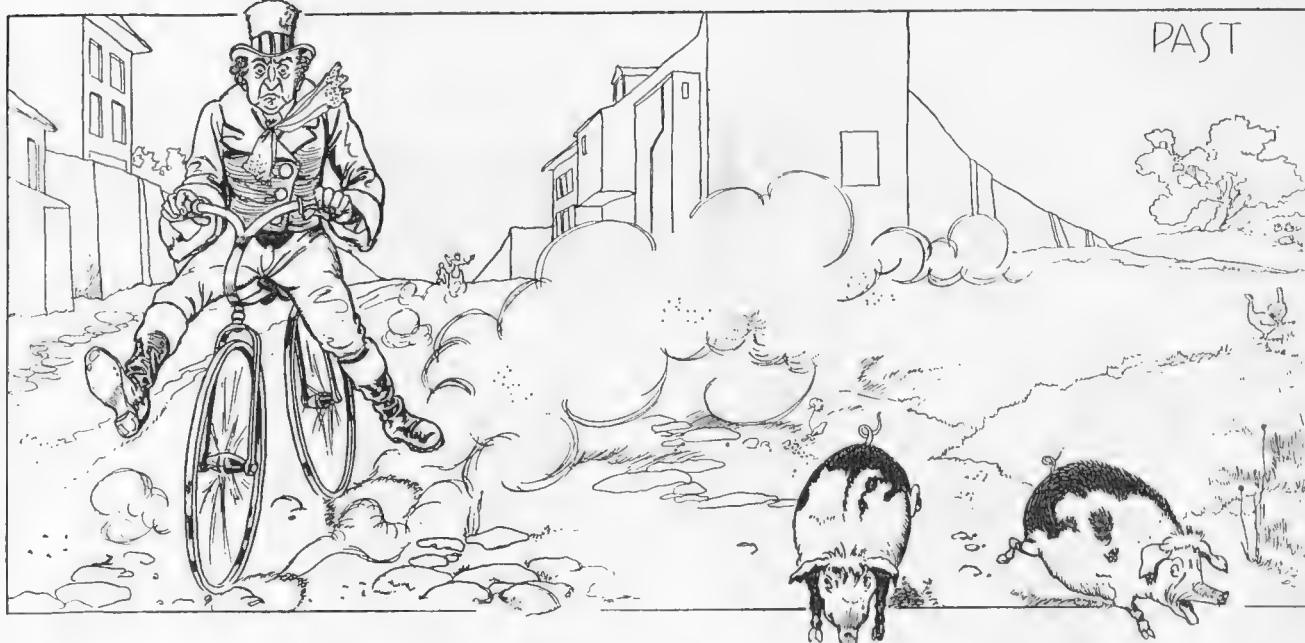


FLO: "I really believe that Mrs. Sumyears gets younger every day."
MAUD: "No; only every evening."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CANVASSER : "Do you happen to know, Madam, whether your husband is on the register?"
 MADAM : "No, 'e ain't ; 'e's on the drink!"





THE JOYS OF COLLECTING.

AMATEUR : "Now, that *was* a bargain, if you like ; I picked it up for—he ! he !—sixpence."

ARTIST : "Nonsense ! it's worth double !"



A BABY HYÆNA.

WITHIN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

We all like to hear about the world of books, the changes that sweep over it in the course of years, the movement of literary fashion and popularity. If that was the text on which I sought information, I could not (a *Sketch* interviewer remarks) have gone to a better man than Mr. Arthur E. Miles. He very courteously let me call upon him, and, between my going and coming away, told me a variety of interesting things. You have all heard of Simpkin's? Somebody has described it as the clearing-house of the book trade of England, and there could not be a better description. Take a bookseller—a country bookseller especially—who has orders for a dozen different books issued by a dozen different publishers. He sends to Simpkin's, and gets them all by return in a single parcel. If he wants literature in other forms—magazines, periodicals, and so on—very well, he has only to say so. That then, is Simpkin's, which is the trade brevity for Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Limited, of whose board of directors Mr. Arthur E. Miles is the chairman.

"I think I am right, Mr. Miles, in assuming that your firm is probably the largest book-distributing organisation in the world?"

"I fancy it must be so; anyhow, I don't myself know of a larger one. You see, we are three firms rolled into one—Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and Kent and Co. These, and Longman and Whittaker, thirty or forty years ago, were the principal distributing houses in the book trade."

"And how came the amalgamation about?"

"Longman gave up this side of book activity, and Kent and Co. acquired a considerable portion of Whittaker's business; the remaining three firms formed themselves into the present limited company six years ago."

"Up to that time you had been identified with Hamilton, Adams, and Co.?"

"Yes, and, much to my subsequent benefit, was trained by my father right from the bottom of the business. My brother, Mr. John Miles, who was senior partner of Hamilton, Adams, and Co., prior to the amalgamation, remains closely identified with books, being now chairman of Mudie's, Limited.

"Briefly, that is the history of Simpkin's as it now is, and I hope we shall continue always to grow. No doubt, you have seen the bulletin of 'New books published' which, for the guidance of the trade and the public, we have recently begun to issue twice a week?"

"That list is an indication of the grip your firm has upon the English body literary?"

"Naturally, we are very well able to test the tastes of the reading public; only, in such a matter, absolutely detailed conclusions are not always easy to draw. The first remark anybody must make is that a new reading public has practically come into existence as a result of our School Board system. In other words, the masses of the people are becoming readers; so far, chiefly, of the lighter literature—fiction and periodicals, for example. The thing is perfectly natural, and, as the new reading public grows older, it will equally naturally pass from fiction to the more serious literature. Don't suppose me to mean that the new readers do not to a very large extent already seek for serious literature. They do; but what I am endeavouring to make clear is, that the great, the leading note, of the new reading is fiction."

"There must, then, have been a very marked increase in the whole amount of fiction that we consume?"

"Inevitably; and here another point arises. It is the old fiction—Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray—that the new readers are reading, while the old readers are the main support of the new fiction. That, I imagine, may with some certainty be set down as a general truth; and, again, the position is a natural one. By means of free libraries and cheap reprints, the mass of the people have come into the inheritance of all the masterpieces of English fiction. What a rich and fine inheritance it is!"

"While, on the other hand, the better-to-do classes, always having had the Masters at their disposal, turn for change to anything new?"

"Quite so; don't forsake them, mind you, but simply seek change and variety. My own belief is that the new fiction—the new fiction, understand, in the sense of neurotic fiction—is not going to last. Some of the books it has produced may live, but, as a school, I am inclined to doubt whether it is not already on the down grade. The disappearance of the three-volume novel will probably influence its decline, because it

reached its height in the three volumes; and, when you get a radical change in the form of books, it is likely, apart from anything else, to react upon their contents. The average problem story is not, perhaps, the kind of volume a man gives a permanent place to in his library, and the introduction of the single-volume novel must mean a greater direct purchase of books by readers. That is simply a question of cost."

"You don't, I take it, regret the going of the three-volumer?"

"No, and for two reasons. I think, initially, that literature will benefit. Then, the three-volumer hardly had a part in the retail bookselling trade of the country. A bookseller may hope to have customers for copies of a new novel in one volume at six shillings, but he would have had none—or practically none—for it in three volumes at a guinea and a half. So the change is good for the trade, and brings new fiction into fairer competition with newspapers and periodicals which, in the favour of the public, are pressing books so hard nowadays. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that newspapers and periodicals are killing books—we have a branch for distributing papers, if you please!—but they are unquestionably hurting them. I am not complaining about this, but point it out as a change in the reading world."

"Any way, the amount of reading grows in volume almost day by day?"

"Beyond a doubt. And as to the sale of the great writers of the past, Shakspere goes on for ever—and, by-the-by, might I suggest that there is a distinct opening now for a really good popular edition of his works? Milton sells continuously—Shakspere's and Milton's being, I should judge, the most favoured volumes for birthday and other presents. Scott maintains his great hold on the public, thanks, in some measure, I fancy, to the enterprise of his publishers in bringing out repeated new and tasteful editions. Whether Scott is read as much as he is bought, I'm not so sure, for I have an idea that many folk simply want to put him in their libraries. It adds to a man's respectability to have a complete edition of Scott."

"And what about Dickens and Thackeray?"

"Both do very well, of course, only I don't quite know that Dickens stands as far to the front as he used to do. It may, however, be said of him, as of other authors whose books have gone, or are gradually going, out of copyright, that they are finding an entirely new line of publication. By this, I mean that it has become the most ordinary thing for big business firms—drapers, and so on—to sell cheap reprints of popular novels, very much as they now sell any other goods. Thackeray must run Dickens fairly closely, while as to George Eliot, she has never yet really touched the masses. My own belief is that eventually she will do so; and the same might be said of other novelists I could mention. Dickens, in contrast to George Eliot, I have always believed, owed not a little to his illustrators, and illustrations will be a great feature of coming books. People like them; they brighten a book. We have really only begun to recognise the possibilities in that direction."

"How do the poets of modern times stand in popularity?"

"Tennyson an easy first, Browning next; and as to living poets, the most esteemed is Swinburne, though I don't know that he has the largest sale. Somehow, Swinburne, as the man—the person, the individuality—is never much before the public, and that point has a good deal to do with the sale of verse. The simple fact, though, is that I should hardly dare to try and classify the sale of living poets, any more than I should attempt to catalogue the sale of present-time writers of fiction. It is a simple fact to say that Mr. Arthur Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' has had a large sale—that occasional books by notable authors always will have a good sale. Of course, too, I have my opinions about the larger field of writers generally; but if I were to say, 'Oh, yes! So-and-so stands first for sale,' why, I should probably have a cartload of figures fired at my head to prove that somebody else had gone one better! It needs no courage, however, to stake the remark that, of writers of the immediate hour, Robert Louis Stevenson shows fully as great indications as any other of becoming an enduring force."

"I should like to put a last point to you. Is the 'boom' feature, in reference to individual books, going to become permanent?"

"My reply to that is gathered from my whole experience of books—wherever you have an enormously rapid success or 'boom,' you have an equally rapid decline. What grows slowly and gradually, endures longest, and I could say nothing truer of books, the public and authors, if I were to consider with myself for a month."

Then I left Mr. Miles's charming home, out Kensington way, thinking that even the interviewer sometimes lights on pleasant experiences.



MR. ARTHUR E. MILES.

Photo by Rusell, Baker Street, W.

THE RISE OF BOSNIA.

III.—VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS.

When the Englishman has exhausted the attractions of the three Government hotels in Ilidze, and has finished his debauch in sulphur, he may well see something of the mountains of Bosnia and of the plains of Herzegovina. I can promise him the better enjoyment of the former. It is true that Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, possesses a bridge about which antiquarians dispute; it is true that she has the flavour, and the odour, of the gorgeous East. But there are bridges about which antiquarians dispute nearer London, and the odour of the gorgeous East is apt to breed a variety of fevers, in which the fever of admiration is not included.

Speaking in a general way, the people of Bosnia are anxious to prove to you that they have mountains everywhere. If the native Bosnian can see mountains where other men can observe only plains, let the fact be set down to his credit. And, for the matter of that, it is no Barmecides' feast that ultimately he sets before you. If he has not the "crown'd monarch with the diadems of snow," he has, at least, the hills which "peep o'er hills," the rolling ranges of little kings capped with the virgin forests which the bears haunt, cut by the impregnable passes wherein the wolves riot. For the supremacy of solitude, and the triumph of untutored Nature, the heights of the Verbas are not to be surpassed.



VALLEY OF THE VERBAS.

Never have I pursued such miles of magnificent lonely hills and peaks, never looked upon passes so ripe in rich greens, as those which lie between Serajevo and Jajee. And the latter town is called the gem of the mountains—the golden citadel of a land boasting many citadels.

As every city with a proper notion of its own dignity should be, the city of Jajee is built upon a hill. Years ago, when the second Mohammed swept Bosnia, killing all the ugly women and kissing all the pretty ones, the young men of Jajee used to have fine times singeing the beard of the unholy Turk. So strong was this fortress, so magnificently placed upon isolated slopes, that it was the last of all the towns of Bosnia to bend the knee to the Prophet. Many a time and oft did the crafty among its warriors steal out of the gates by night to flay a Turk or two alive and to borrow an odd wife or so from the well-stocked harems of the Pashas. And, indeed, the gate of Jajee is, at any time, a beautiful place to steal out of. So suggestive is it of the olden time, so quaint and tumble-down, and withal picturesque, that I had not been a whit surprised had I heard a rascal bawling "This way for Old London! One shilling each!" Nor is the whole town a bit behind in acting up to this rôle. Viewed from the distance, it is a series of gloriously white terraces, rising, tier by tier, upon a hillside which surely is greener than any other hill which Europe has to show. Many minarets, the spires of Catholic and of Greek churches, dazzlingly white houses, sparkle in the burning sunlight. Above all, and dominating the town from the hilltop, are the ruins of the royal castle, built after the fashion of the Castello del Uovo at Naples, but commanding and impressive even in its decay. If it be your good luck to enter Jajee by night, as we did, the deceit of mediaevality is the better preserved. An aged hypocrite in turban and breeches answers to your knock with a hail and a lantern.

You pass at once from the broad high-road to a steep and winding

street, where all bears the stamp of the Middle Ages. You pass on to the new Government hotel, and you confess that it is not out of harmony with the picture. But you feel a certain regret that you cannot dash up with foaming steed and clanking sword, and cry, "What ho, within there!" for the benefit of an admiring if awe-struck throng. The diligence has its drawbacks—you realise them profoundly when the contrivance rattles up the lanes of such a town as Jajee.

The guide-book attraction of this gem of towns is set down as the Falls of the Pliva. Certainly, even by those satiated with cataracts, these foaming cascades, resulting from the confluence of the Pliva and the Verbas, are not to be despised. The former river, with a nice discretion, plunges down a precipice ninety feet in depth, immediately below the bran-new Government hotel. Abundant in waters, even in the height of the summer, this whirling of the stream is accompanied with spreading clouds of silvery spray, rebounding high up the sides of the fertile ravine, casting foam refreshingly upon your face even when you stand upon the river's bridge. The music of the fall is unceasing. Go where you will in Jajee, the roar of the cataracts is in your ears. It comes to you when you are upon the mountain-side; you hear it like the low hum of voices when the diligence is far down the valley. It is your first and last impression of the exquisite fortress which alone would redeem Bosnia from all the criticism which could be heaped upon her.

We stayed in Jajee two days, much cheered in our pilgrimage by some Franciscan monks, who lured us to their parlours, and there administered tumblers of liqueur for internal application. With the good

monks, who wore black and white robes and little bowler hats, I have no fault to find; but their liqueur is not to be described. It seems to consist of four parts vitriol to one part castor-oil. We poured it on their geraniums when their backs were turned, and, simulating that air of pleasant elevation which befitted the occasion, we left them, to drive to the lake of Jezero, the one lake of which Bosnia is proud. It is a pretty place certainly, girt about with verdant hills and possessing fresh waters in which you may luxuriate after the fierce heat of the Bosnian roads. But its boats are strange enough to be original, and few of its shoremen seem to be aware that Mohammed is dead. Of the former, I can only say that they consist of tree-trunks roughly hewn to the shape of the canoes, two canoes forming one boat, since they are bound together with ligatures of bark. Their owners propel them with paddles, standing upright at the work, and growling a sort of plain-song which might well pass for a suburban Gregorian chant. So far as the tourist is concerned, these canoes are used principally for the purpose of getting to the tourists' house at the head of the lake.

But these things in Bosnia are the mere detail of travel. The more important questions, and those

which concern any Englishman about to visit these savage lairs of the Balkans, are, what sport shall I find, what occupation, what amusement? The first is the easiest to be answered. I can imagine no fairer paradise for the angler than the waters of the Verbas, which are literally black with trout. I have seen a net dipped down into this river ten minutes before the hour fixed for my luncheon, and it has come up bursting with fish. Natives tell tales of seven- and eight-pounders, but the Bosnian would be untrue to his country if he did not lie about her fish, and I should say that the average trout of all waters is a little over the pound. Of such you may take thousands, and the only drawback to the sport would be found in the abundance of it, and in the fact that many of these rivers are literally unfished. The same may be said for the magnificent woods on the great mountain-range. Here are bears, wolves, the chamois, the great eagle, and smaller game in abundance. So widespread is the dread of the wolf, that no peasant dares to cross the mountains alone in midwinter, or even in early spring. That tract of land which is preserved by such fine sportsmen as Prince Esterhazy and others is comparatively small.

Apart from the possibilities of sport, the attractions of Bosnia and Herzegovina will be appreciated chiefly by those who love to open up new countries, by those to whom Switzerland is *passé* and the Tyrol a burden. That the country is a wild and rugged one, my little sketch of it makes manifest; but its principal charm is the glow of the East which is upon it—the stamp of a tempestuous past which has not yielded one jot to an aggressive present. The unholy Turk still flourishes in Serajevo. His dazzling minarets remain the supreme glory of the city; and, of all the music heard in her streets, none is more characteristic of her history than the shrill call of the muezzin, heard from a hundred towers at the hour of prayer.

MAX PEMBERTON.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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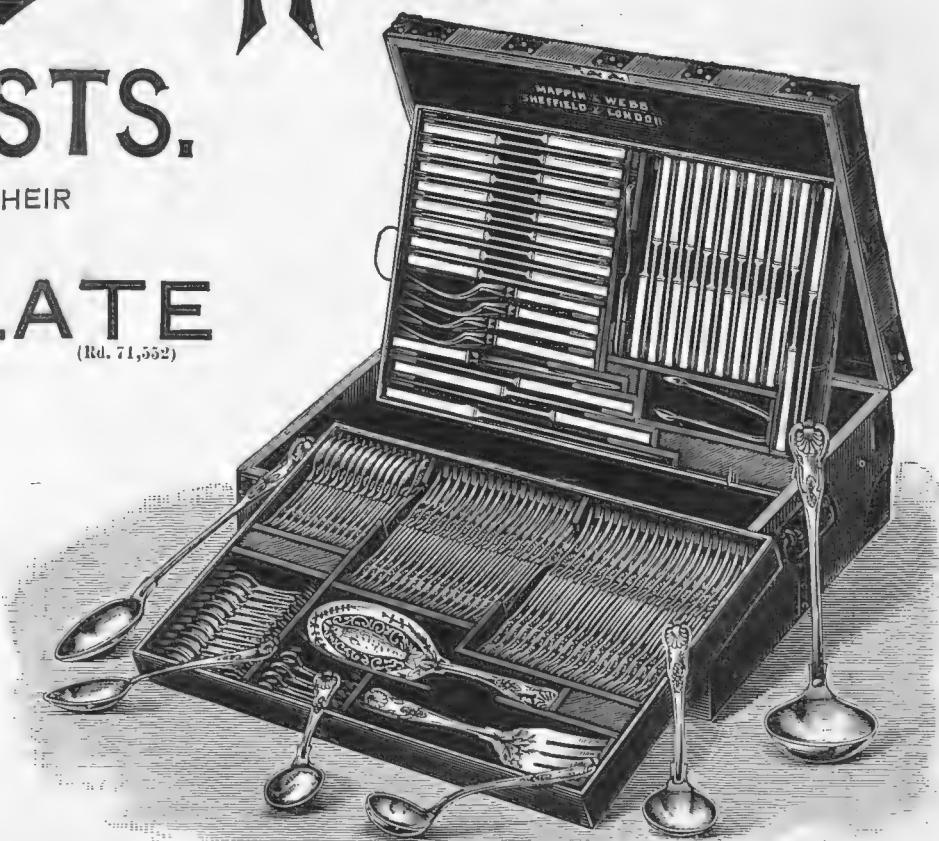
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

AQUATICS.

The Wingfield Sculls, which carries with it the proud title of Champion Amateur Sculler of England, is always an annual event not to be missed by lovers of the boat. That the best man generally wins the event, those who remember Guy Nickalls and J. C. Gardner, with their brilliant successes, will readily believe. Since 1892 the Sculls have been secured by Vivian Nickalls, with the exception of the year before last, when Kennedy, the Kingston man, won; and the present anniversary once again saw the younger of the two famous brothers in first. In one respect, Vivian was very lucky to pull off the event. In the heat to decide who should meet him, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, who has "come

The first theatrical regatta, which was held on the Thames at Barnes on July 21, was an interesting addition to the sport side of Stageland. The crews for the eight heats in the first round were made up as follows:—Drury Lane (two), Garrick, Gaiety (two), Terry's (two), Court, Haymarket, Lyceum, Adelphi (two), Daly's, Toole's, Savoy, Avenue, and Criterion. The crews in the final heat were Gaiety No. 1, Adelphi No. 1, and Terry's No. 2, the boats passing the winning-post in the order named, with about two boat-lengths of daylight between the first and second and the second and third. Before "peeling" for action, the oarsmen made their appearance arrayed in various costumes, mostly associated in some way with the theatre to which they belonged. Among



FIRST ANNUAL THEATRICAL REGATTA AT BARNES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE.

on". tremendously lately, conquered Guy Nickalls, and was actually leading Vivian ultimately when his wrist "went." It is generally the opinion that Guy is a better sculler than Vivian, but I do not think so—at any rate, Guy seems to have palpably deteriorated.

I must spare a paragraph to an article in an obscure American paper, called the *Denver Times*, on the Cornell crew, not because of the article itself, but merely to show to what extent a newspaper can go. I don't for a moment suppose the *Denver Times* represents American opinion. Here are some extracts from the article in question—

The defeat of the Cornell crew by Trinity Hall at Henley has a very suspicious flavour in it. The reports from the scene all go to show that the American oarsmen were not in a condition to meet any sort of physical exertion. Five of the eight men in the Cornell boat became exhausted and dazed in going over the course in very slow time. The feeling aroused against the Cornell men on account of the previous fiasco appears to have been responsible for this worse fiasco. . . . Unless some satisfactory explanation is given to this matter soon, the general feeling in this country will be that the Cornell crew was foully tampered with by the Englishmen before the race was started. The victory gained by the English crew in such a manner must surely be considered a disgrace rather than a distinction.

Honi soit, &c.?

the most striking were the Jockeys from Drury Lane, the Pierrots from the Gaiety, the Barristers from the Court, and those illustrating "The Passport" from Terry's.

CRICKET.

The meteorological change which came o'er the spirit of the scene last week carried with it a host of sensational bowling performances. Of course, we none of us expected the warm sunshine and the hard and fast wickets to go on for the rest of the season, but the effect of the treacherous pitches upon both batsmen and bowlers was positively amazing.

It has always been a controversial question why the wet grounds should prove so fatal to even the best of players. Given a heavy night's rain, and then let the sun burst forth in brilliance to cake the surface of the soaked turf, the grandest batsman in the world will be of little more use than the worst.

You will see counties score profusely on one day, and, on the next, collapse like a tower of cards for a few fluky runs. Take Kent, for instance. It will be remembered that the "Hoppers" won their first Championship match of the season against Notts, their total for one

innings reaching close upon 500. In the very next match—*v.* Surrey—the entire Kent eleven were topped over for 43, the last five wickets yielding but a single run.

And the explanation? It has been said that the cause of these collapses on bad wickets is simply that batsmen do not get sufficient practice on treacherous soil. Personally, I don't think practice has a great deal to do with the matter. Just as the bat is master over the ball on fine, hard wickets, so will the trundler continue to be best man when the rain falls. It is impossible for batting to improve sufficiently to resist the bowling and the Fates combined. When the ground serves, the ball can be made to play such tricks that no batsman can accurately follow its vagaries. It pitches where you don't expect it, and it travels in the contrary direction to that intended.

Of course, some bowlers are better than others, even on treacherous wickets, and some wickets may suit certain bowlers better than others. The moment the rain began to act, last week, out came a bunch of remarkable deeds. In one match alone, Somerset *v.* Yorkshire, two bowlers between them took 17 wickets for 40 runs. These were Peel (9 for 22), and Captain W. C. Hedley (8 for 18). Richardson and Lohmann of Surrey, Mr. G. L. Jessop of Gloucestershire, Hardstaff of Notts, and Briggs of Lancashire, also "touched the spot," with the natural consequence of a corresponding decrease in the batting averages.

The difference in climatic conditions has not affected Surrey's prospects of ultimate Championship honours. The Champions, having clearly asserted their superiority on hard wickets, then went to Catford Bridge, which, bearing in mind the experiences of previous years, is an expression synonymous with "went to where the rain was kept." Another coincidence was that Surrey could never manage to win here; but this went by the board this time, for the Champions, after a peculiarly interesting game, won easily by ten wickets.

So far as the other counties are concerned, the only ones which will "have anything to do with the finish" are Lancashire and Yorkshire, who, by the way, are down to meet on Bank Holiday. Both have improved immensely since the beginning of the season, Yorkshire especially showing brilliant form just now.

The Canterbury Week is this season to be fully up to the average in the way of "socialities," if report is to be believed. As regards the cricket, the outlook is not so hopeful, for Kent have had a disastrous season. Still, the Hoppers always manage to "make an effort" for this week, and, personally, I expect them to beat Warwickshire on the opening three days. As usual, there will be a huge throng at the Oval on Bank Holiday.

SHOOTING.

For the first time in its history the Queen's Prize has fallen to a Canadian, or rather, a nominal representative of the Dominion, for the winner, Private T. H. Hayhurst, of the 13th Canadian Militia, is an Englishman by birth. The three men heading the list had a stiff tussle. Their scores were as follows—

	1st stage.	2nd stage.	3rd stage.	Grand total.
Private Hayhurst, Canada...	95	101	45	241
Tie shots			2 4 4—10	
Winner of £250, Gold Medal, and Gold Badge.				
J. Boyd, 3rd Lanark ...	92	106	43	241
Tie shots			4 0 5—9	
Winner of £60.				
A.-Sgt. Fraser, Queen's Edin.	90	113	41	244
Winner of £40.				

Hayhurst belongs to Manchester. Some years ago, he emigrated to Ontario, and settled in Hamilton, where he follows his trade as a machinist. He is but twenty-seven years of age, of moderate stature, athletic build, and rather prepossessing in appearance. His name is familiar in the shooting-world. Since 1886 he has attended the prize-meetings of the National Rifle Association, with but one exception, and has almost invariably held good places in the prize-lists of the principal competitions. Boyd is chief forester to Sir John Stirling Maxwell, M.P., on his Pollok estate, near Glasgow.

LAWN TENNIS.

I am informed that the North *v.* South game will be played this season on Aug. 7. Eight players a-side will compose the teams, both Doubles and Singles to be contested. The South ought to be able, if fully represented, to hold their own with ease. One has only to mention such names as the brothers Baddeley, E. Renshaw, Lewis, Eaves, Barlow,

Scrivener, and Hallward, to give an indication of the strength of the Southerners. For the purpose of this competition, the South will comprise Essex, Hertfordshire, Bucks, Oxford, and Gloucestershire, and all the more southerly counties. The North will comprise the remainder of Great Britain, including Scotland.

CYCLING.

Last week I made mention of the lowering of the Land's End to John o' Groat's record by a tandem. The same pair of riders, G. P. Mills and T. A. Edge, broke another "previous best" on Wednesday, when they travelled from London to York in 12 hours 33 min. The tandem was seriously handicapped with sticky roads for half the distance, but Edge and Mills kept to their task with true British pluck, though the absence of pace-makers was also a drawback.

By the way, an important decision has just been given at Peterborough Police Court, where thirteen members of the New England B.C. were fined half-a-crown each for taking part in a twenty-mile road-race. The Bench issued a warning to the effect that, in future, record-breakers on the North Road would be proceeded against.

ATHLETICS.

I am, at last, in receipt of the complete programme of sports between Yale College and Cambridge University in the United States on Oct. 5.



PRIVATE HAYHURST FIRING HIS LAST SHOT FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

From my way of looking at it, I fail to see that the Englishmen have any sort of a chance, especially as Cambridge have had to abandon the idea of a three miles race. The trophy for the winners is not to exceed 250 dollars in value. The Cantabs, probably to the number of fifteen or sixteen, will be located at Newhaven, and will be given the use of the Yale track for practice.

The following tabulated record of the best performances by either side will prove an interesting guide—

EVENT.	CAMBRIDGE.	YALE.
100 Yards ... Gomer-Williams, 10 1-5 sec.		Richards, 10 1-5 sec.
Wilding, 10 2-5 sec.	...	Burnett or Byers, about 10 1/2 sec.
440 Yards ... Fitzherbert, 49 1/2 sec.	...	Chubb or Jordan, about 52 sec.*
One Mile ... Lewin, 50 4-5 sec.		
Lutyens, 4 min. 19 2-5 sec.	...	Morgan, 4 min. 26 4-5 sec.
Davenport, about 4 min. 35 sec.	...	Wadhams.
High Jump Johnston, 5 ft. 8 in.	...	Thompson, 5 ft. 10 1/2 in.
Jennings, 5 ft. 6 in.	...	Sheldon, 5 ft. 8 1/2 in.†
Long Jump Mendelson, 22 ft. 5 1/2 in.	...	Sheldon, 22 ft. 8 1/2 in.‡
Hemingway, 21 ft. 3 in.	...	Mitchell, 21 ft. 7 in.
Weight ... Watson, 37 ft. 9 in.	...	Hickok, 44 ft. 1 1/2 in.
De la Pryme, 37 ft. 1 in.	...	Brown, 40 ft. 10 in.
Hammer ... Johnston, 109 ft. 8 in.	...	Hickok, 135 ft. 7 1/2 in.
De la Pryme, 94 ft. 10 in.	...	Cross, 135 ft.

* Probably Pond, who was beaten by five yards, in 51 sec., when competing against Oxford, is also available.

† Against Oxford, cleared 5 ft. 8 1/2 in.

‡ Against Oxford, cleared 22 ft. 11 in.

The other events are the 220 Yards, Half-Mile, and the 120 Yards Hurdles (both on cinder and grass).

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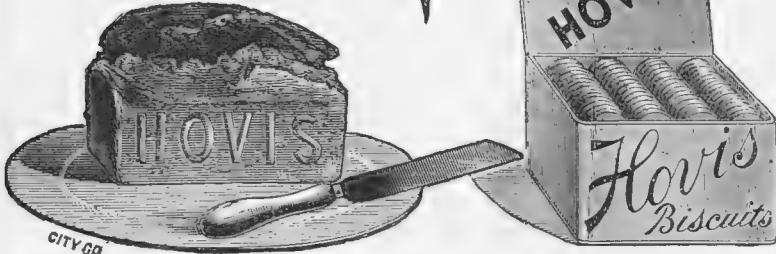
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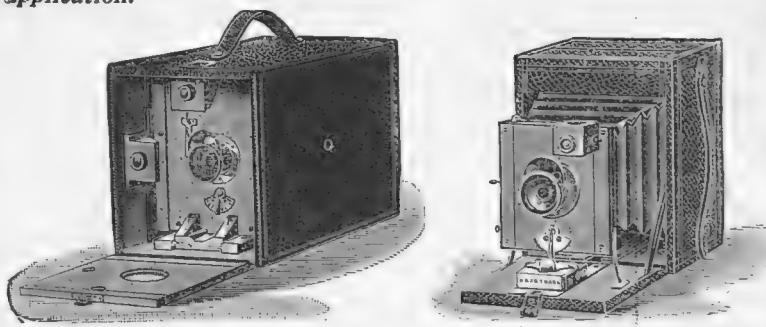
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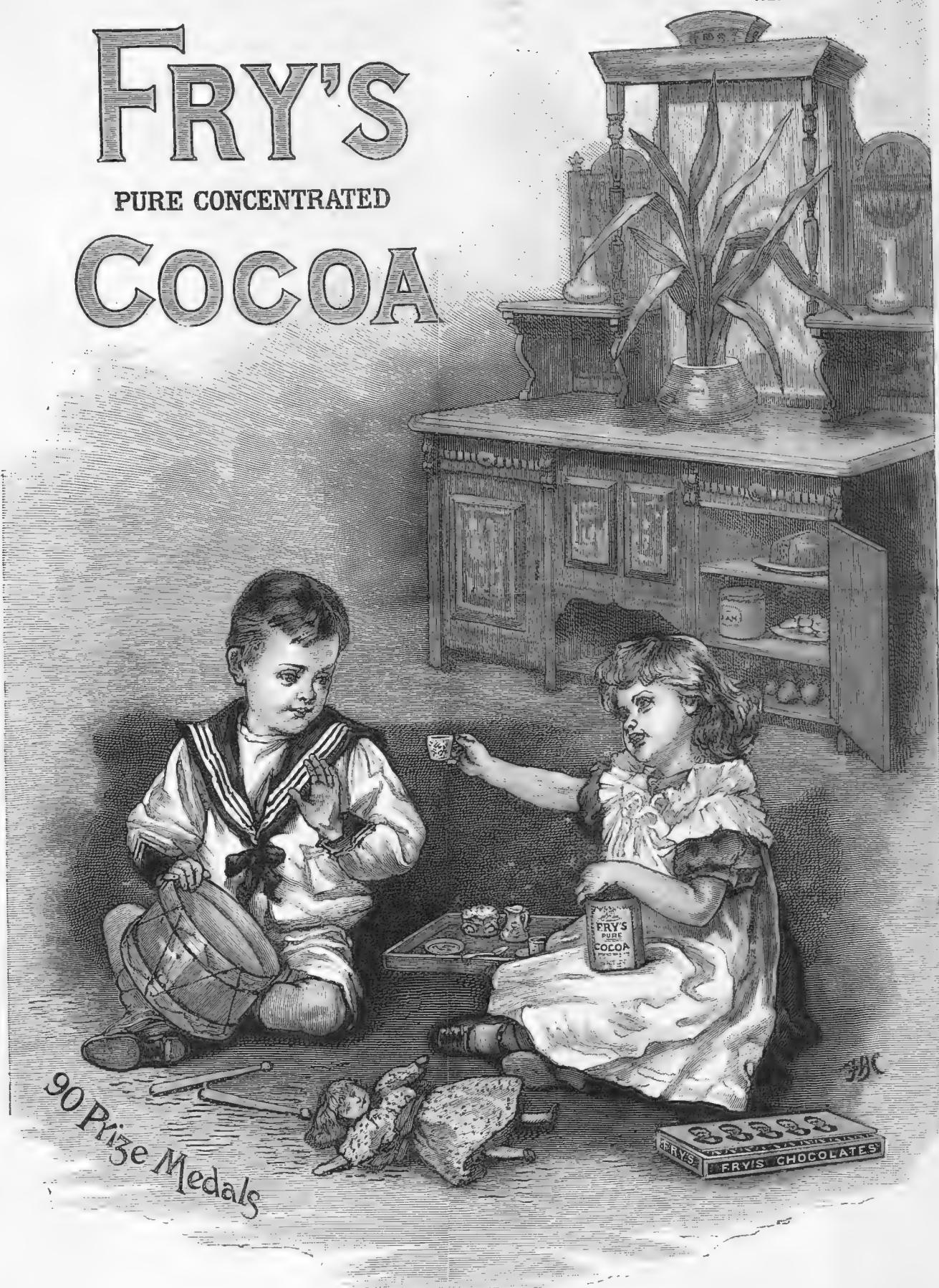
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THE RAGGED BAIRNS OF THE STREET.

A CHAT WITH MR. JOHN KIRK.

This is the time of year for going to the country and the seaside, for flying from the stuffy streets and back-gardens of London. It is wonderfully nice to have a holiday, but doubly nice to help somebody else to have one also.

Mr. John Kirk, the well-known secretary of the Ragged School Union, expressed himself (says a *Sketch* interviewer) entirely in agreement with me.

You all know the Ragged School Union. Especially you all know what the organisations in connection with it are doing just now to give the little ragged urchins of London a taste of the country and the seaside. This was the call for my chat with Mr. John Kirk, and he told me many interesting things about the Ragged School Union. He lives and moves and has his being in the movement, and, during his thirty years in it, has known many interesting people. The Ragged School Union and its affiliations cover

a wide field, but we began, of course, on the important theme of the moment—these holidays for the poor bairns of London.

"You want assistance, and more and more assistance, don't you, Mr. Kirk, in order to send the children into the country?"

"Need I say that we do, for the more the work grows, the more the need for it becomes apparent. Take our Holiday Homes Fund, which last year enabled over five thousand young people to have a fortnight at the seaside. Or take the Day in the Country, the Fresh Air Fund, which stands as so great a tribute to Mr. Arthur Pearson."

"The Day in the Country has assumed huge proportions, has it not?"

"Assuredly. We shall through it send forty thousand London children into the country for a day before the end of the summer—more, perhaps. Also a similar number will be sent to the country from the great provincial cities, which have their crowds of ragged, starved children, just like London. Well, the more assistance we get, the more we are able to do, and let me say how useful gifts of clothing are."

"I suppose you have to clothe many of the children—to clothe them and boot them—before you can send them to the country?"

"In very many cases. So, if you have a pair of boots or a package of old clothes lying about at home, send them along. We can really utilise assistance coming in almost any shape or form, and if givers could themselves see what mirth and colour their assistance brings to pale, pinched faces, why, they would give doubly next time, even if it were a sacrifice to do so."

"The Ragged School Union has, altogether, done an enormous deal—more, perhaps, than can ever be told—for the poor children of London?"

"A year ago, when we celebrated our jubilee, Sir Walter Besant wrote a very appreciative account of what the Ragged School movement has implied. The great point of it, as he remarked, was the change which it marked in our ideas of philanthropy. It was the introduction of a new system; and, as to the results, we have only to compare the poor children of our population now with what they were fifty years ago. Really, there is no comparison—they have become like a different race of beings."

"The original idea of the Union was, I believe, to follow in the wake of the Sunday Schools, simply adapting the hours to the scholars."

"Quite so. The Union sprang from the work of Sunday School teachers, being founded, as you know, by the late Lord Shaftesbury, whose portrait is hanging above us. Religious instruction was regarded, and is regarded, as the chief essential; but round that work, efforts and labours in every department affecting the life of the children quickly began to develop. The Ragged School Union may well claim to be a pioneer of free education, and it has ever adapted its methods to the changes of the times. In our local schools in London, we have no fewer than five thousand voluntary teachers engaged, and it is by means of the network of these schools that we are able to select the children to be sent to the country, and so on."

"When did the Queen begin to take the active interest in the Ragged School Union which she maintains to-day?"

"Her Majesty gave her first subscription in 1849, and she has been patron for a long time past. Rewards in the shape of certificates are given to our old scholars who have kept situations with credit for over

twelve months. The Queen signed the original certificate, and her signature, as you'll see, is reproduced upon them all—a circumstance that gives no little pleasure to recipients."

"Dickens, I think, took a keen interest in the formation and work of the Ragged School Union?"

"A very keen interest—it owed much to his support. George Cruikshank I knew well, and he was a great sympathiser and friend of ours. So were 'A. L. O. E.'—Miss Tucker, of course, the familiar initials stood for—Miss Charlesworth, General Gordon, John MacGregor, so widely known as 'Rob Roy,' and Judge Payne. Miss Charlesworth devoted the profits of her book, 'Ministering Children,' to the work, and founded a branch in Bermondsey, called 'Stephen the Yeoman,' after the chief character in the volume. General Gordon I knew at Gravesend, when he was superintending the fortifications of the Thames. He taught in the Ragged School there, and presented to it some of the flags taken by his 'Ever-Victorious Army' in the Tae-Ping rebellion."

"Of the notable people living who have identified themselves closely with the movement, a long list might, I fancy, be made?"

"A very long one—Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Christian, the Duchess of Teck, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Westminster, Earl Compton, M.P., and ever so many others. Oh, our credentials are excellent; our history and achievements, as I have tried to indicate, are not without interest, and, finally, we always want funds. There!"

What a service, I thought to myself as I came away, the submerged waifs of London owe to the Ragged School Union.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

So rarely is an opera a real compound of drama and music that I should have been deeply grieved to miss "La Navarraise," the remarkable work which, even if it does not show Massenet at his best, has remarkable quality. It is not easy to find works in which the musical atmosphere is so impressive. Not only does the constantly repeated opening phrase sound a fearful note of tragedy, but even the lovely interlude has a fitful, restless character which, without marring its beauty, prevents one from quite regaining peace of mind. In this it is curiously unlike the "Cavalleria" intermezzo, which quite "lets down" the work. What a lesson Calvó gives to actresses in her repudiation of coquetry! Not the least effort is made to poetise the woman at the cost of truth. Consequently, the picture of the mad creature who, for gold to form her dowry, commits murder really is terrible. The rush off the stage of the actress when she sets forth on her crime is one of the most startling pieces of business that I know. Certainly, Massenet might use his splendid musical gifts better than in setting such a fierce, lurid melodrama; but he has done his work admirably.

The matinée at which was given the first performance of the revival of "Macbeth" was crowded, and I wish to put on record one fact. Miss Maxine Elliot, the splendidly handsome new-comer to Mr. Daly's company, was close to me in the stalls. A "cunning" big black hat crowned her very charming costume. Each time that the curtain rose, she took off the hat, and rendered the stage visible to those behind her. I, alas! had in front of me a young lady who wore a cart-wheel, decorated with crude flowers, and rags and tags of ribbons. She did not take it off at all, and my neck is still stiff on account of my twistings to see the stage. I am glad to think that Miss Elliot is truly a lady, as well as an admirable actress.

Despite the six years and a half that have gone by since the original Irving revival, my memory served me to notice several important changes. The most important concerns the ghost of Banquo, whose determination to attend the banquet has caused much trouble to stage-managers, as they have been unable to make him seem ghostly enough. Sir Henry has adopted the bold, if inhospitable, course of excluding the ghost from the feast, and the course is well justified. So adroitly is the scene handled that Macbeth's speeches to the empty stool produced a great effect. However, the real scene of the drama is the second act, the most remarkable piece of stagecraft that I know. This act gains by the actor's concept of the part, whatever may be its effect on the rest of the play, and the wonderful display of vacillation, and then abject terror, is painfully convincing.

By the way, I fail to see that the suggestion, that the fainting of Lady Macbeth justifies Miss Ellen Terry in the womanly treatment of the part which she carries out so cleverly, is satisfactory. The most determined virago, committing her first crime under such fearful circumstances, would have her nerves tight strung, and, seeing that the best way to end such a dangerous scene would be to faint, could easily "let herself go"; the way in which she was carried out came too close to the ridiculous, and caused some laughter. Of the rest of the company there is either very much or very little to be said, and, save expressing admiration for the able work of Mr. Frank Cooper and the charm of Miss May Whitty, I find I must hold my peace. Yet, I cannot conclude without some words in praise of the admirable scenery and wonderful mounting and handling of the piece; merely to see the tableaux produced would repay a visit to "Macbeth" at the Lyceum.

In a new melodrama just produced with success at "the Drury Lane of the East," the author-actor-manager, a man who has done prodigiously well in the provinces for years past, has assigned to himself the character of the Hon. Arthur Chudleigh, a name not altogether unknown in connection with the Court Theatre.



MR. JOHN KIRK.

Photo by Soper and Stedman.

COLONEL NORTH AFTER THE FRAY.

It is one of Colonel North's peculiarities that he never—well, hardly ever—answers letters. If you want to hear from him, you must telegraph. A polite request for an interview having been entirely ignored, there was nothing for it but to wire to the Colonel that I must see him at once. This brought me a telegram from Eltham, signed "North" (another North, evidently), to say that "Colonel North is at his office, 3, Gracechurch Street."

Thither I accordingly repaired in the fleetest hansom I could find. It was a block of offices very like its neighbours, perhaps a little more crowded with breathless comers and goers, but quite as evidently meaning business as any of them. I had had an idea that Colonel North was a rollicking, unbusinesslike man, who simply let the millions coin themselves for him. I expected to find a palace or lordly pleasure-

elaborately marked in coloured inks, to show the proportion of nitrates found in the various parts.

I had already seen as much as I wanted of these diagrams, when the door opened, and Colonel North stood before me. My first impression of him was that he was a study in yellow. His hair was ginger-yellow, his face was russet-yellow, his eyes were a kind of sunrise-yellow; his clothes, his boots, even his tie, seemed yellow, though, perhaps, the latter was only a case of reflection. He stood a little while watching me, with a curious twinkle in his yellow eyes. Then he held out his hand silently, and presently burst into a hearty guffaw.

"Well, so you want to hear about this here election, do you?" he began, with boisterous joviality. "I don't know that there's much more to tell. You saw what they said in the papers, didn't you?"

"Yes; you had a pretty lively time of it, I suppose?"

"By George! yes. I did what I could to make things hum a bit. It was a good, square fight, and seeing he—this Gladstone chap, you



DECLARING THE POLL AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS FOR NORTHERN WEST SUFFOLK (STOWMARKET DIVISION), JULY 10, 1895.

Mr. Ian Malcolm (C.), 514; Mr. H. de R. Walker (L.), 370; majority, 143.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PALMER CLARKE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

house of some kind in the City, and felt aggrieved at the matter-of-fact precision which I really found. The lift deposited me on the second floor, and I jostled my way into what was really one very large room indeed, partitioned off with doors and ground-glass into a goodly number of little rooms.

The clerks were unsympathetic and inquisitive, from which I gathered that Colonel North is usually by no means easy of access. Everybody spoke of "the Colonel" with bated breath. I was told, as if it were a supreme favour, that my card had been sent in to "the Colonel," and finally, after long waiting on an outside bench, I was ushered, with infinite condescension, into a little den, marked "Waiting Room," and informed that "the Colonel" (Are there, then, no other Colonels?) would see me presently.

I had plenty of time to make myself acquainted with the contents of the waiting-room before this promise was realised. The walls were mainly decorated with illustrated diagrams proclaiming the beneficence of nitrates. There was a drawing of a beetroot, and another of some Indian corn, both in a stunted condition when they had had no nitrogen, fairly flourishing when they had enjoyed a little, and of phenomenal luxuriance when they had partaken of a good deal. Underneath was the legend that Colonel North's nitrates contain fifteen per cent. of nitrogen. Then there was an elaborate map of some nitrate-fields,

know—had been at it there for fifteen years, and I was only given a fortnight to turn him out in, it wasn't so bad, eh?"

"Are you going to give them a turn there again later on?"

"Ah! that I can't promise. You see, I am a very busy man. And, 'pon my word! I don't much want to get into Parliament. Why should I? Anyhow, if I do stand, it won't be anywhere else, for I come from that part, and we take a pride in each other, them and me."

"Then they treated you pretty well, on the whole? You weren't besieged in your hotel, like that man in Norfolk?"

"Bless you, no! We were the best friends in the world. Everything went on swimmingly. It was dry work, I can tell you; but I rather liked doing it. The only thing that annoyed them down there was that I had to go away for two days of my campaign. I had an invite from the Prince of Wales to go to Sandringham, so, of course, I couldn't help myself. But they didn't like it a bit. I believe it made a lot of difference. I shouldn't wonder but what I should have got in if it hadn't been for that. Then there was Mr. Gladstone. He wouldn't be introduced to me at first; but, after a week or so, I got a message that he had thought better of it and would like to be introduced to me. So, of course, I was very pleased—I didn't bear any malice, I never do. And then the women there! I can tell you this much, if there'd been woman's suffrage, Gladstone wouldn't have had a

[Continued on page C1.]

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look in—I should have beaten him into a cocked hat. The women and the children were all on my side."

"Then you are in favour of childhood suffrage?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, don't ask me what I am in favour of! I have had enough of that business to last me for a lifetime. I told them



COLONEL NORTH.
Photo by Stromeyer and Heyman, Cairo.

I didn't set up to know about politics. What Salisbury proposed was good enough for me. But I said I meant to look after their local interests. And so I should have, better than anybody else could."

"Then, on the whole, you are pleased with your campaign?"

"Yes, there was nothing to grumble about. They're decent chaps down there, and, if they want me again, I shall be there."

Colonel North then silently held out his hand, to intimate that the interview had now lasted long enough. On my asking for a photograph, he took me into his private room, which was fairly large and comfortable. There were some pictures, and a big book-ease, and a comfortable desk. A number of obsequious clerks were set hunting for photographs. Presently they unearthed one about two feet long. "You can give it to Sir William Ingram when it's done with," he said, as he dried his autograph with a silver pad. "I know him. You can give him my compliments."



MR. GEORGE LAMBERT, M.P.

Considering that Mr. George Lambert has represented the South Molton Division only since November 1891, the strong hold which he has on the affections of his constituents is all the more remarkable. The young farmer is twenty-nine years old, and was educated at North Tawton Grammar School. He is Lord of the Manor of Spreyton, and a County Councillor. The agricultural labourers believe in him, and that is why he held his own so excellently on the polling day. Mr. Lambert's victory came just in time to encourage the Right Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne's supporters in the adjoining constituency. The latter gentleman is proud of the title, "the Star of Devonshire," celebrated in an election song which has exercised considerable influence. Mr. J. A. Nix, the young barrister whom he defeated, will "live to fight another day." He has put his hand to the political plough, and should succeed in winning a seat presently.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is about time that something were done to reduce the expenses of the ordinary racing man. Enhanced railway-fares, exorbitant ring charges, and very warm hotel-expenses tend to play the racing game out. It should be noted that the Northern railway companies run cheap trips to some of the meetings, but the South Country lines make a point of raising their charges at least 33 per cent. on the occasion of meetings being held over their system. This would not matter so much if the companies in question were to subscribe liberally to the respective race funds, but they do not.

Mr. Thomas Pooley writes from 121, The Grove, Denmark Hill, S.E., as follows—

DEAR SIR,—I have read your kindly notice about my brother, W. A. Pooley, which appeared in last week's *Sketch*. I regret to say I have authentic information that my brother died in New York, on June 19 last, from the effects of an accident. In addition to the information you have already given, I may state that my brother was fifty-six years of age. He was educated at Rugby, and subsequently went to Edinburgh University. Among the racehorses owned by him were Vanish and Crecy, the latter having been a winner of many races in this country, and, when sold to the King of Sweden, won about thirty races in that country. The likeness you reproduced of my brother was an excellent one.

One of our smartest middle-weight jockeys is George Brown, who is not yet twenty-two years of age. He was born in Stockbridge, and, as a matter of course, was apprenticed to Tom Cannon, who has taught such good riders as J. Watts, M. Cannon, T. Cannon junior, S. Loates, and Mawson. Young Brown is a nice-looking lad, of gentlemanly manner. He has been well educated, and is qualified to, some day, shine high in his profession.

Brown rode Euclid to victory in the Jubilee Stakes, and has brought off many a *coup* for his employers. He is this year engaged to ride for the Lambourne stable, presided over by Mr. Garrett Moore. Brown, unlike some of the flash jockeys, is not highly charged with self-conceit, and he prefers winning by a length to losing by a short head. I am glad to be able to record that the day of fine finishes is coming to an end, thanks to jockeys like Bradford and Brown.



G. BROWN.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

A marriage in the near future that will interest racing men, especially those who follow the illegitimate sport, is that between Mr. F. Lort Phillips and the widow of Sir Andrew Walker, a very rich lady. Mr. Phillips is known throughout Pembrokeshire as an M.H., is a landowner, and popular among all classes. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he was an athlete at the former, and was known as a good man to hounds at the latter. His own confession is that, while at Cambridge, he did more hunting than work. On coming of age, he went to live at Lawrenny Park, the family seat in Pembrokeshire, and hunted harriers of his own for seven seasons. In 1882, he succeeded Lord Coventry in the Croome country in Warwickshire. Very fond of steeplechasing, he at times rides between the flags himself, and always runs a hunter or two at local meetings, where he generally lands most of the prizes he starts for. He has been High Sheriff, is a J.P., and has served sixteen years in the Pembroke Yeomanry, from which he recently retired as honorary major. Successful as has been his single existence, I hope his married bliss will far exceed anything he has yet enjoyed.

The Brighton and Lewes Races, although last, are by no means the least part of what is known as the "Sussex fortnight." Long before Goodwood and its fashions were dreamt of, the inhabitants of the Queen of Watering-places had their races to themselves, and were, doubtless, led to disport themselves thus by their near and dear neighbours of Lewes. In 1783, it struck the people of Brighton that, with a fine stretch of downs so close to their town, races could be held with advantage, and in August of that year the first races were held. The first Stand was erected in 1788, and was burned down in 1796, another wooden structure, which took its place, sharing the same fate seven years later. The third Stand lasted until 1849, when the present one was built, at a cost of £6000. Years back, great horses used to run at Brighton; but, beyond Avington, I do not recollect a really good horse making an appearance there of late years.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I must confess to feeling a small spark of pity for the deluded husbands and fathers who once fondly imagined that if only their feminine belongings would take advantage of the summer to attire themselves in the inexpensive simplicity of cottons and muslins, the length of the bills which they themselves were called upon to pay would grow beautifully less in consequence. Well, they have had their desire, and bitterness withal! for this has been, and still is, the season of ginghams and muslins, batistes and grass-lawns; but, alas and alack! these same bills also chronicle the most expensive and voluminous of silken linings, and yards upon yards of Valenciennes lace, for the adornment of the sweet simplicity which is, in reality, the most expensive luxury imaginable. Jay's introduced me, the other day, to a gown of this kind (made for Madame Melba, by the way), and I am paying it the highest of all compliments when I assure you that, even to the dull eye of a mere man, it would have revealed itself instantly as a glorified cotton gown, surrounded by the halo of genius. Imagine a skirt of green cotton, bright, but not too obtrusive, whose waist was encircled by a deep band of satin in a more tender shade of green, above which came the whiteness of a muslin vest, the central pleat bedecked with three pearl studs surrounded by diamonds, and bordered with a finely pleated frill, edged, in its turn, with mellow-tinted Valenciennes. Over this was worn the smartest of Eton coat-bodices, in dark cornflower-blue, the square collar and revers bordered with a fine embroidery of wee shamrock-leaves in white and green, and the same dainty trimming acting as a border to coat and sleeves. A notable feature of this very notable gown, I must tell you, was the cutting out of the back of the little bodice in a square which revealed the full depth of the satin waistband, the fronts, however, just reaching to the waist-line.

Then there was actually a gown which rose superior in its delightful coolness to the fascinations of a silk lining—in fact, it had no lining at all. Black-and-white striped gingham was the material thereof, and the simple trimming was all concentrated on the smart coat-bodice, which fastened loosely in front with black-and-gold buttons, and had short basques, plain in front but full at the back. It had a collar, tiny revers, and cuffs of white linen bordered with the finest line of gold-and-black braid; but, in spite of this unlined simplicity, it would hardly come under paterfamilias' definition of an inexpensive dress. So, on the whole, we may as well devote ourselves openly to the avowed extravagance of silk attire—a skirt, for instance, of white glacé silk, striped narrowly with satin, wedged to a grass-lawn bodice, which had its slight fulness held in at the waist by a deep band of green satin, draped with consummate cleverness. The future wearer was blessed with a white and prettily rounded throat, so it was to be left quite bare, and simply enframed by a little ruffled edging of yellowish lace, which would set off its fair whiteness, and which bordered a tiny square yoke of tucked white chiffon over green silk, while little shoulder-capes of fairy-like lightness, and—to go into details—chiffon and lace fell over the shoulders of the elbow-sleeves, which, in their turn, were finished with an insertion band of lace.

So we go on to the full glory of a chiné silk gown, the white ground patterned with quaint scrolls and scattered flowers, in colours so varied that, when I had discovered blue, pink, mauve, green, and fawn, I ceased from the task of dissection, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the perfect whole, which reminded me irresistibly of an exquisite bit of Dresden china. This for the skirt; and then the bodice had in front a deep corslet-belt of turquoise-blue satin, over which fell the fulness of a chiffon and lace yoke and shoulder-frills, though at the back it was drawn down to a mere line. Such a gown is disquieting to one's peace of mind, and ensures the breaking of the Tenth Commandment; but for this I always hold Messrs. Jay responsible, as any ordinary woman, blessed with good eyesight, can no more help coveting such gowns than she can help breathing, so those who can go further, and possess themselves of the desired object, are still more to be envied. There was a grey crépon, too, of crinkled surface, which secured my fickle affections; and crépon, I may tell you, is a safe investment, for Dame Fashion will continue to drape herself and her followers with it during the next season. This particular crépon was distinguished by a tucked vest of white chiffon, fastened across with tiny silken cords, and wee pearl buttons, arranged in groups of three; and then the dream of fair dresses was succeeded by the gown I have had materialised for you in the form of a sketch. The silken skirt was in that smartest of all combinations, black and white, the stripes arranged with infinite art to go in straight lines down the plain front, and in vandykes at the enormously full sides and back. At neck and waist there gleamed a broad band of golden tissue, and there was an over-bodice of black net, made supremely beautiful by an appliquéd of exquisite yellowish old lace, sprinkled over with glittering steel sequins, a cascade of the old lace being let in at each side, the opening also revealing a glimpse of the white chiffon under-bodice. As to the sleeves, they were simply billowy masses of white chiffon, and, if you add a great hat of accordion-pleated black tulle, crowned by gracefully curving ostrich-tips, the picture is complete.

As were the day dresses, so were the evening gowns, and that was beautiful exceedingly, and, though the time for their wearing has not yet come round, I am going to draw aside the curtains for you and let

you have one of those peeps into futurity at which we all snatch so eagerly, whether it be in the matter of dress or fortune. You will do well, however, it seems to me, to confine your researches to Dame Fashion, for there you may be certain of finding nothing to alarm or distress you. Her disclosures, for some time to come, are likely to be very pleasant, one of the most important dealing with the full skirt, which is to confine itself, in the near future, to somewhat more narrow limits, all the fulness being confined to the back, where the outstanding pleats are distinctly graceful. The first tableau shows us a skirt of white satin, full, but unadorned, and a bodice of white over tea-rose-yellow chiffon, the entire décolletage being bordered with a double frill of white chiffon edged with lace, while a lovely touch of colour is given by a mirror-velvet waist-band in a wonderful shade of mauve and a



A GOWN AT JAY'S.

corsage bouquet of purple clematis. The curtains draw apart again from a bodice which is the herald of the next season's fashion in evening dress, a fashion which will demand from its devotees the possession of beautiful arms, white and rounded; for no merciful covering will be provided by the sleeves, which will simply consist of straps of flowers, or slight frills of airy tulle. In this case, a great spray of roses, shading from palest pink to deepest crimson, crosses the left shoulder, the place of sleeves being taken by short ruffled frills of black net, all a-glitter with shimmering green sequins. The bodice itself is entirely covered with the sequin-sewn net, and is drawn tightly round the figure into a tiny gathered ruche straight down the centre of the back. In front, a fold of green satin makes the whiteness of the skin more striking, and is drawn down deftly in the centre by an emerald-and-diamond tortoise. Then, crowning all, is an ideally perfect gown, with a white satin skirt and a white chiffon bodice, with insertion medallions of creamy guipure. A band of yellow velvet, covered by another band of finest black lace, is

[Continued on page 65.]

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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

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PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.

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Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair. Beautifully perfumed. A most recherché luxury. Golden colour for fair hair. Bottles 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 equal to 4 small. Ask Chemists for Rowlands', 20, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

DOES NOT CORRODE THE SKIN;
KEEP IT SMOOTH AND VELVETY.

Vinolia

SOAP (for Sensitive Skins), Premier Vinolia Soap, 4d. per Tablet.
CREAM (for Itching, Eczema, Face Spots), 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d.
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"To breathe 'Sanitas' is to breathe health."
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Prevents and Cures
BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA,
DIPHTHERIA,
AND ALL
LUNG AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

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Pamphlets Free on application.
THE SANITAS COMPANY, LIMITED,
Bethnal Green, London, E.

"Sanitas" Oil, 1s. Bottles; Pocket Inhalers, 1s. each.
Fumigators, 2s. 6d. each.
"Sanitas"-Eucalyptus Disinfectors, 1s. each.
"Sanitas"-Eucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.

tied round the waist, the long ends of lace falling far down the skirt, the design—a series of cobwebs, in which a wily spider has ensnared a variety of flies—showing up wonderfully on the white sheen of the satin. The elbow-sleeves are simply a foam of chiffon, and over the shoulders fall pointed capes of the chiffon, edged with fine black lace, the back of the corsage being filled in almost to the neck with a mass of delicate pink-and-yellow carnations.

And now I must perforce let the curtains fall together again finally, for the last tableau has been shown; so, following up the principle that variety is charming, let us change the subject entirely, and pass on from the frivolity of dress to the solidity of furniture.

Therefore, and especially as the holiday season is a proverbially good match-maker, would any of you who are contemplating matrimony like to occupy some of your leisure moments in the perusal of a charming book which gives you all information on the fascinating subject of how to furnish a veritable house beautiful and house comfortable withal for £500? If so, send to Messrs. Graham and Banks, 445, Oxford Street, for a copy of their book ("The House Comfortable and the House Beautiful"), and take it away with you, so that you may be fully primed on the subject when you come back to town. I have just been over the "model (£500) house," and I am full of enthusiasm on the subject, roused thereto by the

effect of the stiff, old-fashioned style has been made beautiful and cosy and home-like by clever touches of modern art and ingenuity. As to the drawing-room, it is a French eighteenth-century idyll in delicate rose-pink, leaf-green, and white—in fact, the whole thing is so perfectly beautiful that it is calculated to make you yearn for the advent of five hundred pounds or positively revel in its possession. However, on the other hand, you need not necessarily possess that sum to secure Messrs. Graham and Banks' attention, for they cater for those with small as well as those with bulky purses; so no one need be shut out from their good things, facts which I will leave to take root, one and all, in your minds during the leisure of the holidays.

FLORENCE.

WHERE TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursions on Friday night to Scotland, for five or eleven days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. On Saturday, to Leicester, Nottingham, &c., returning the following Thursday; to Scotland, for eight days, with bookings at a

single third-class fare for the double journey, for sixteen days. On Monday, a day-trip will be run to St. Albans, Harpenden, &c., and a two days' excursion to Manchester. Cheap excursion trains will be also run from various towns. Cheap daily and week-end excursions are run from St. Pancras and other Midland stations to Southend-on-Sea by the new and shorter route, *vid* the Tottenham and Forest Gate Line.

The Great Eastern Company will issue cheap return tickets on Friday and Saturday, *vid* Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Special facilities are also offered to passengers visiting Germany by the same route. Short Belgian tours, including Brussels (for Waterloo) and the Ardennes, have been arranged *vid* the Harwich-Antwerp route. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg to-day and on Saturday, returning Sunday and Tuesday.

Cheap third-class excursion tickets are issued daily by the Great Western, by specified trains, from Paddington, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, and certain stations on the Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, and North London Railways, to Staines, Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Henley, and other popular riverside resorts.

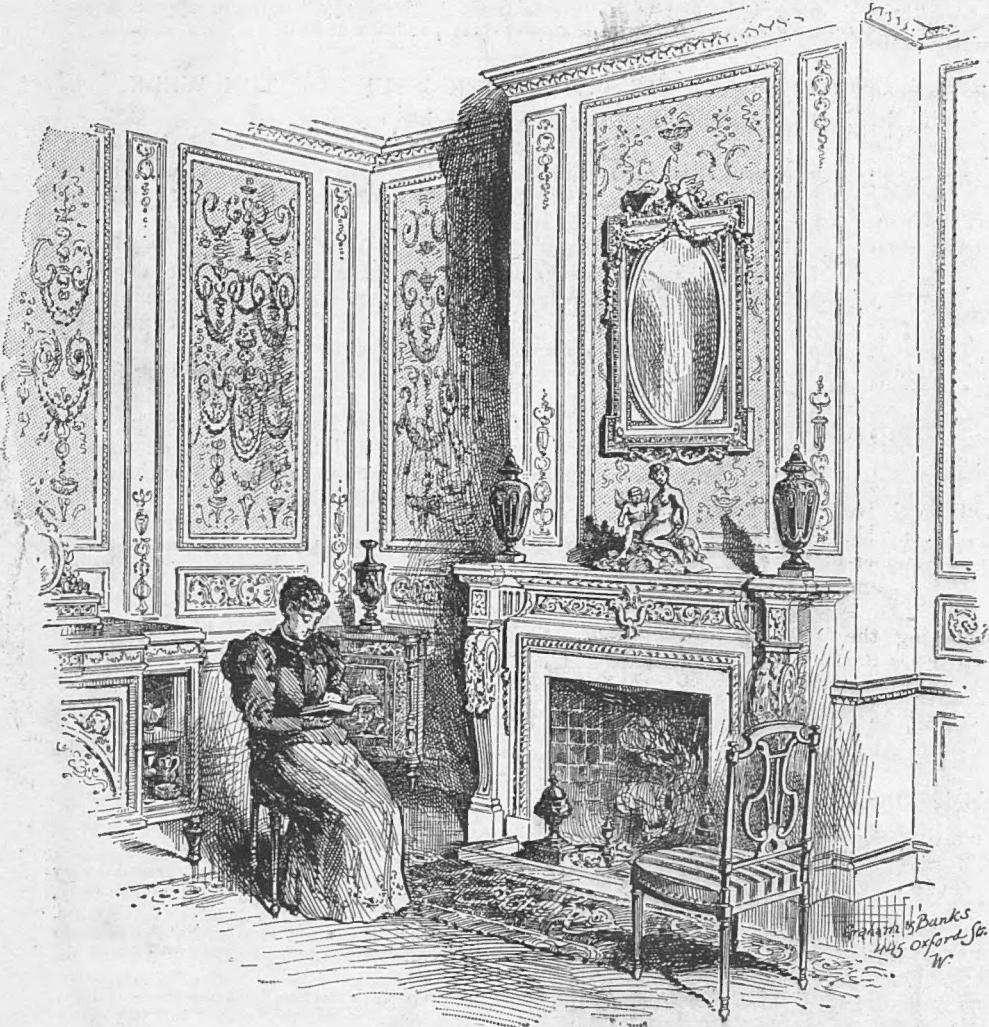
The South-Western Company will run special excursions to Exeter and the West of England on Friday, and one to Havre *vid* Southampton, returning any weekday up to and including Aug. 10. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey from Waterloo at 9.15 a.m., in connection with a boat leaving Southampton at 11.45 a.m., reaching Guernsey about 5.45 p.m., available to return the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. Cheap excursions will also run on Saturday to stations in the West of England.

The Great Northern Company will, on Friday night, run cheap five or eleven days' excursions to Scotland, and, on Saturday night, for eight days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for sixteen days. On Saturday, cheap six days' excursions will be run to Huntingdon, Peterborough, Lynn, &c. On Saturday and Monday, cheap day-excursions will be run to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea,

and Mablethorpe. On Sunday midnight, a fast excursion for two days will be run to Manchester. On Monday, cheap day-excursions will be run to St. Albans, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, &c. For Alexandra Park Races on Monday, a frequent service of special and ordinary trains will be run between Victoria (London, Chatham, and Dover), Moorgate, Broad Street, King's Cross, and the Wood Green Station.

The South-Eastern Railway will run trips to Boulogne on Saturday, returning on Bank Holiday; to Calais on Monday, returning the same day or on Tuesday; to Paris for fourteen days; to Brussels, *vid* Calais or Ostend, for eight days, and to Ostend itself. Cheap day-excursions will be run to Hastings, Dover, Margate, &c.

The London and North-Western Company will, on Friday, run a special train for Holyhead and Ireland. On Saturday, a special train will leave Willesden Junction at 2.57 p.m. for Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, Trent Valley stations, and Stafford. Special trains will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham, arriving at 6.21 p.m. and 6.50 p.m. respectively. The 7 p.m. express from Birmingham to London will travel *vid* Northampton, thus affording an additional service from Birmingham to Northampton, and Northampton to London. On Monday, several cheap excursions will be run to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Dudley, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. Similar trains will be run from many of the districts named to London, including bookings to Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, Portsmouth, Southampton, &c., and also to Paris and the Continent.



GRAHAM AND BANKS' "MODEL" HOUSE: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

memory of a perfectly ideal bedroom, the walls hung with white chintz, patterned with pale-pink and paler-yellow flowers, the same dainty fabric curtaining the windows and draping the bed. There are the cosiest of chimney-seats, upholstered in pale rose-pink, within a picturesque white alcove; and, as to the wash-stand and wardrobe, you find them at last, on a mysterious button in the wall being touched, shut off in a sort of glorified cupboard, illuminated by electric light (as, indeed, are all the "model" rooms), the wardrobe being so delightfully roomy and convenient that it would rejoice the heart of any woman who had the well-being of her gowns at heart. Once that these secret doors are shut, and the bed-curtains drawn, you have a lovely sitting-room, absolutely free from any trace of the bedroom—an ingenious arrangement for which Messrs. Graham and Banks deserve all praise. The other and larger bedroom is provided with a genuinely cosy corner, and with well-filled book-cases placed at each side of the bed, the wash-stand, with its rosy-hued marble and its delicately shaded electric light, being a veritable picture shrined in a recess. The fireplace, too, is an inspiration, the tiles, which have an entirely new and curiously roughened surface, being of a wonderful, greenish, opalescent hue, which has imprisoned rosy gleams from the marble above.

Altogether, it would be a constant delight to pass one's life amid such surroundings, especially when you add to them a simple but beautiful dining-room, where the light filters softly through the mulioned window, round which are set the cosiest of window-seats, almost hidden by handsome tapestry curtains. The walls are covered with a wainscoting of oak and a broad frieze of beautiful tapestry, and the somewhat sombre

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 27, 1895.

Between the General Election and the Settlement we have not had a gay week on the Stock Exchange, although both the industrial shares and the cheap mines to which we called your attention rose within twenty-four hours of our letter reaching you; indeed, so sensitive is the market in shares like Bovril, that an order such as you were good enough to wire to us is pretty sure to make the jobbers ask an increased price, while, in the case of North Boulders, the general "boom" in Western Australians accounts for the jump.

Money has been in abundant supply, but the new account is a long one, and it is a recognised tip to sell "bears" on all these nineteen-day accounts. One would expect a rising market when the day of reckoning was to be put off; but, from long experience, we have always found that the exact opposite is what happens, and the first days of the new account have followed the usual rule. Colonials have been weak and unsatisfactory, not only on the failure of Mr. Young's scheme for the salvation of the City of Melbourne Bank—at the expense of its creditors, of course—but in consequence of the New South Wales elections, and very unfavourable private advices which are understood to have reached this country as to the outlook in all the Eastern Colonies.

On the whole, the Home Railway dividends have been quite as good as expected, and the fact has been reflected in the price, despite the unpleasant remarks of the Chairman of the Brighton Company about the inevitable increase of expenses, for which he sees no remedy. There can be no doubt that the Chatham and South-Eastern arrangement is working well for both lines; but it wants to be carried much further, and will, no doubt, in time get to something very like a general pool, to the great benefit of both concerns.

Although Yankee Railways are nearly all better, there has been very little buying on this side of the water, and it is to activity in Wall Street that the rise must be attributed. It is said that even in New York it is only the professionals who are gambling, but the crop prospects appear good, and the trade reports continue encouraging. The Atchison securities now dealt in are those of the reconstruction, and the line is giving evidence of considerable recuperative power, so that we expect the scheme will work out to the advantage of the security-holders.

Canadian Pacifics have been very weak, upon all sorts of rumours, such as that the preference dividend would be passed; and, although we don't believe this particular story, it is evident that the unfavourable view of the prospects of the line which we have held for some considerable time is beginning to be recognised as more correct than the sanguine ideas which led people to think that the troubles were merely of a temporary nature. Trunks have also declined, and, considering the wretched returns of this time last year, the present traffic increases are most disappointing. When will the new board make up their minds to employ a first-rate English railway expert at the head of affairs in Canada, and dispense with the services of those leading officials who are in their hearts still loyal to the old directorate?

The Allsopp dividend was a great disappointment, bringing the shares down quite ten points from the highest price reached. As a matter of fact, we believe the directors have taken a conservative view of the situation, and could, with a little squeezing, have paid easily the 4 per cent. which the market was expecting. We have never recommended gambling in these shares, because any outsider playing against the people in the know might as well try and win against loaded dice; but, if the tumble goes any further, we think there will be money in buying the ordinary stock, even if you have to lock it up and wait till the next gamble upon the annual report begins. The preference has also fallen, and is not a bad purchase.

The Olympia proposals, to which we alluded last week, are now public property, and, upon the whole, those of your friends who were foolish enough to get into the concern had better join the reconstruction. We do not think they will get their money back; but, if they are not willing to risk a trifle more, whatever they have got in the old company must be a dead loss, and, with these concerns, when and if they do make money, it is done very quickly.

Brewery stocks in general continue to rise, while debentures are in many cases not to be bought, for, though a price is quoted in the official list, there are often no sellers. It was well that you bought all you required in this line before the result of the General Election had fairly started the boom.

Among the industrial concerns now offering, the preference shares of Brooke's Monkey Brand Soap are likely to prove a steady income-producing investment for those of your friends who want 5 per cent. on their money.

The Mining Market has been the great centre of attraction upon the Stock Exchange, and the settlement was easily adjusted, while rates only ranged from 6 to 10 per cent. on the better-class properties, and up to 15 per cent. on other sorts. Towards the end of the week Paris has been selling, producing a general unsteadiness. Within the last few days the shares of the Barnato Consolidated Mining Company have been introduced and dealt in up to £4. The concern is said to represent the deep-level interests of the Barnatos; but this introducing shares, and making markets for them, without the issue of a prospectus is a practice which is fast getting abused, and will lead to trouble for the investors one of these days. We hear of an International Bank, with agencies or offices in all the European capitals, which is being privately formed, and the shares of which may be introduced here in the same way. It is

reported that the Afrikander returns will shortly show considerable improvement; and both Royal Sheba and Luipaard's Vlei are reasonable purchases at present prices, while, among rubbish-shares, we prefer South African General Development, Diamontfontein, Thistle Reefs, and Waterfall Estates Company shares, at present prices.

West Australia has been on the "boom," and all the shares we have from time to time said a good word for are much better, especially West Australian Exploring and Finance.

The Wealth of Nations Mine is, we hear, quite the thing to get an allotment of, and dealings have taken place at 10s. premium as we write; but while, no doubt, allottees will do well, we far prefer Burbank's Birthday Gift property, which will be advertised towards the end of next week, and which we have no hesitation in saying is the best mine in Coolgardie. Our accounts of this property are from such authority, and of so confidential a nature, that we are able to speak of it not as a market tip, but as a genuine mining speculation; and it is from this point of view we advise you to apply for whatever shares you desire, as soon as the prospectus is published.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday and the necessity for going to press early, our usual "Notes from the Exchange" will not appear in next week's issue, but we shall answer correspondence as usual.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE AFRICAN SALTPETRE COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 85,000 shares of £1 each. The company is formed to work six farms in the Hay division of Griqualand West. The shares are said to be at 4 premium, but we do not advise the investment.

THE SOUTHERN NEW CHUM GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is offering 100,000 shares of 10s. each. The old story about the depth of Mr. Lansell's mine is trotted out; and, upon the whole, we should leave the Bendigo Gold Fields to offer their shares to such inexperienced persons as are foolish enough to apply for them.

BENJAMIN BROOKE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, is a company formed to purchase the soap business of the above name, which is carried on in America, and has a world-wide reputation for Monkey Brand Soap. There are 20,000 £5 preference shares offered, and the dividend on these is covered many times over by the annual profits. We consider the shares a good industrial risk, and well deserving of public attention.

THE GWANDA (RHODESIA) CONSOLIDATED DEVELOPMENT COMPANY is the first baby produced by Rhodesia, Limited—a concern floated only a fortnight ago. Sixty thousand shares of £1 each are offered for subscription; but we think this Rhodesia game is a little too fast at last, and, upon the principle that somebody will be left in at the end, we advise our readers to avoid the risk of being in such an unfortunate position.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS, LIMITED, is being brought out by the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, with a capital of £200,000, of which £50,000 is working capital. The shares will be freely run after, and our readers will do well to apply for a few.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. G.—We think well of Nos. 1 and 2, and of No. 3 we have expressed a very unfavourable opinion in our "Notes," and, if it is a question of merits only, should be prepared to make any reasonable bet against the success of the mine. We know the ground, and we are as certain as it is possible to be that it will never pay. We only answer questions by private letter upon payment of a fee of 5s. (see Rule 5).

W. P. K.—We think you could not do better than the Yankee 4 per cent. loan.

WIDOW.—We still think about these shares as we did before; but if you are nervous, and the money is of importance to you, sell half and hold the others. The buying which goes on is from very good people, and we believe in the shares seeing par; but this is only an opinion.

SPEE.—Yes. The report was only what we were told. We were not underwriters, so we have no certain knowledge.

H. B.—Hold on for a rise. As a speculation, we think they will go better.

C. W. D.—We are glad you have got your certificate and dividends.

NOVICE.—We think the shares you name, especially the first-named concern, are fair speculations, and we should hold for a rise.

A. M. L.—There is nothing to be done except pay up and smile; but if you can sell your ordinary shares, do so, and then you will have a gamble with £5, and an off-chance of a big haul, while the risk will be a small sum.

PANSY.—We do not recommend the mining shares you mention. The best Chinese loan to buy is the New Scrip, price about 110*s*.

NEMO.—(1) We think well of the Imperial Colonial Finance Corporation under its present management. (2) We should hold. (3) Quite safe, but they are high now. The price might go better.

J. R. M.—(1) We don't like the concern, and should sell if we were you. (2) The Insurance Company you name is a good one. We think the Equitable (opposite the Mansion House) would suit you. (3) We advise you not to hold these Margarine shares.

W. R.—The concern is supposed to be a mere money-lending affair, which discounts bad bills at high rates. You will have to fall in with the scheme if the majority of your fellow-shareholders approve it, unless you take advantage of Sect. 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, and insist on being bought out; but, if you wish to take this course, consult a good solicitor well up in Company Law at once, or you will be sure to lose your rights. We don't know the position, and you have sent us no papers showing what the exact proposals are, and how it is proposed to carry them out.

For the Bank Holiday, the Brighton and South Coast Railway will, on Saturday, run a fourteen-day excursion to Paris. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Monday, day trips, at special excursion fares, will be run to Brighton, Worthing, &c.